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# COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES  
*Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and the Home Circle.*  
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# COMFORT

THE KEY TO

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Strikes still prevail in various parts of the country, and the strikers are still using their brawn instead of their brains to gain their points. Some day they will learn where their strength is and will be wiser and more successful. They have plenty of strength of the right kind, but they do not seem to be able to use it.

It was generally supposed that former President Cleveland had retired forever from politics, but since he made his appearance in New York where he talked to David B. Hill, for the first time in years, it begins to look as if his party has not entirely given up all idea of his availability as a Presidential candidate. Strange things happen in politics.

Mr. Rockefeller, the so called "richest man on earth," and the head of the great Standard Oil Trust, has reached out for more worlds to conquer, and is now combining all the big pork packing establishments that he can gather in. Rockefeller probably fears that he will be a poor man some day, and he wants to provide for his family in case of hard times. And the Bible says a man who won't provide for his family is worse than an infidel.

We may have to forego the comfort that the flippant philosophy of a proverb has furnished. "As good fish in the sea as ever were caught," has consoled many a loser who has seen the fish slip off the hook or out of the net just at the critical moment. Science will take all the poetry and part of the philosophy out of our existence. A committee on biology has been appointed to determine if there is any danger of the seas being fished out. If they decide that there is such danger, a calendar committee should be appointed to abolish Friday, for what would Friday be without fish?

The railroad people would try to make the world believe that since the railroads have come in the great rivers of the country are of no particular use as freightrways. Yet on the last rise in the Ohio river in six days six million bushels of coal left Pittsburg for points down the river. With all the great railroad facilities of Pittsburg, this work could not have been done by them in a month, five times as long as required by the river, and at freight rates far in excess of the water route. The railroads are all right in their field, but they can never take the place of our rivers, and the people at large should always be favorable to all wise legislation looking to their improvement.

The American people are really a hard people to amuse, but they try to be diverted with the same strenuousness with which they pursue business. With feverish energy they exhort first this then that form of amusement. Golf, bicycling and bridge whist are taken up and dropped. Each "would-be-fashionable" professes the most intense devotion to the sport that is popular for the moment. The newspapers are filled with the technical terms of the fad Ping Pong! How much more mysterious it sounds than plain table tennis. How the scribes do delight in saying that he pinged an argument to his opponent who ponged it back again. How the Pharisees do delight in dwelling on the pleasures of Ping Pong. Sad to think that by the time the roses bloom again the game and the name will be forgotten.

Every year in London the Americans have a Fourth of July dinner at which everybody makes a real Star-Spangled-Banner-Fourth-of-July speech and spouts away in fine style. They like to do it the more because they are on foreign soil and they want to see the

## THOROUGHBREDS TWAIN.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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Grand-daughter Katherine married tonight! I am weary of music and laughter and greeting; I have stolen away from the riot and light, —Ah, gallant old comrade, the years have been fleeting.

I am old, and I am bent, I am wrinkled and white And I felt like a ghost at the wedding tonight. I searched through the mansion from cellar to garret

For a little dark corner—no lover could spare it! So I've hastened away from the music and laughter, With splendor and melody pulsating after, —Hobbling as fast as my old legs were able Down to the gloom of your stall in the stable.

Now lie where you are in the straw, my old chap! Come nuzzle your grizzled, brown nose in my lap, While I stroke through the strands of your ragged, grey mane.

The banner in many a hard-won campaign. We have fought the good fight, you and I, my old beauty.

And ever with faithful regard for our duty: Who will challenge our pride as tonight we look back,

I on my statecraft and you on the track? For we trotted our squarest and steadiest gait, —You on the race-course and I for the State.

Do you hear, my old fellow, the pulsing and beating Of the passionate waltz in the mansion up there? As it floats to us here it seems softly repeating A song and a toast of the past, my Lohair. The song and the toast that I boldly sung When the clang of the glass with a challenge rung, And with flaming soul

I took the pole And past Life's grandstand gaily swung: Here is my toast to the thoroughbred! After he dies he's a long time dead; Dying, he goes—where? Well, God knows! And exactly where God has not said.

Who dare say where? Yet this I'll swear That the thoroughbred here will be thoroughbred There.

But the boasters of Life are behind us, old fellow. We covered our course to the sere and the yellow. We are turned out to run, two old Has-Beens together.

Too feeble for bridle, or bit or for tether. But, faithful campaigner, the good time was, when Our stride was the topic for thousands of men. I marshaled the van of the Law and the State, And you on the race-course were fairly my mate. All the victories won were the victories fought —Inch by inch, word by word, not entreated or bought.

So there's naught of regret though the racing is over; We can feel there are due us a few days in clover, —A bit of a rest in the lengthening shadows Before we're turned loose in the asphodel meadows.

Do you hear, my old fellow, the wailing and sighing Of the far violins in the mansion up there? I've tried all my life not to think about dying, But we're down the homestretch to the wire, Lohair.

Is it silence and stall till the Judgment Day? Or a welcome and wisp of celestial hay? Do we blindly trust

From Life's Track dust To be fined for our stumbles along the way? But here's hope for the thoroughbred—hope for the man

Who has raced and finished as best he can; May the Judge Most High cast gracious eye On the breaks he has made in the Great Race's plan.

And to him who has tried Be not denied A place in The List on the Other Side.

Eagle fly high. It is a real vent to their pent up feelings and is a good thing, but this year, Ambassador Choate, because King Edward was still not out of danger, decided there were to be no speeches at the dinner. This was simply awful, but Mr. Choate was firm, and the regular dinner passed off speechless except for two responses to "The King" and "The President."

He left the dinner at ten o'clock to meet some diplomatic engagement, and no sooner had he gone than the true American spirit began to bubble up strong, and it wasn't long before the very liveliest kind of American speeches were being made all around the hall, even the English guests taking part and adding to the patriotism of the occasion by adding the good things they had to say of America and Americans. It was a great Fourth of July dinner after all, and no thanks to Ambassador Choate who ought to have known better than to try to gag the glorious Fourth.

It may not be generally known to our readers that "Comfort" has now for some time had an office in London, England, and we hope to be able to bind still closer the ties of kinship which exist between the two countries. Our representatives in London have been looking closely into the affairs of our British cousins, and one of the things which caused them astonishment was the large number of vast estates, money and property in England for which no owners are known. It was an English professor who remarked not long ago that in no country but his own could there be not only so much unclaimed money, but so many persons ignorant of their claims or how to establish them; and he accounted for it by pointing out how widespread is the British Empire, and how migratory are the habits of its people, and the kinship of many families in the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, to others who have settled in the United States, the British colonies, and other parts. It is an undoubted fact that there are a vast number of unclaimed estates in England, some of them very large and in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. An official list of these estates has been obtained from the British Government, and for the benefit of those readers of "Comfort" whose fathers, grandfathers, great-grandfathers, or great-great-grandfathers may have originally come from the British Isles, and who may have left property to which the present generation are the surviving heirs, we have compiled a little booklet entitled "Comfort's List of Heirs," particulars of which may be found in our advertising columns.



WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



THERE will be a grand display of beauty in the garden this month, if the right kind of material is there and it was only cared for during the earlier part of the season. Among the hardy herbaceous plants, the "Golden Glow" Rudbeckia will stand out prominently because of the rich color. A clump is sufficient to light up a garden like a burst of sunshine. Every one ought to grow this plant because it can always be depended on to do its share without coaxing and coddling. It never winter-kills. It never fails to blossom, and so profusely that it appears, at a little distance, like a solid mass of yellow. It is easily propagated by division of the roots. A bit of crown with a bit of root attached will grow into a good-sized plant next season. Because of its tall growth, it should be given a place in the background.

Another most excellent hardy plant that will be in the height of its beauty during this month is the perennial Phlox. You will find some varieties of it in nearly every country garden. There ought to be several there where as a general thing there is but one. It is a plant as hardy as a Lilac. It grows rapidly. It requires as little care as any plant I know of, and as for its flowers where will you find anything that equals them in richness of color and profusion? Each stalk sent up from healthy roots will bear a head of bloom a foot long and nearly as wide, with hundreds of flowers in the cluster, and there will be so many stalks that you get a solid body of color from the flowers they support. There are many varieties, ranging from pure white to darkest crimson, delicate rose, carnation, lilac, mauve and rosy violet, and all are good.



Some sorts grow to a height of four feet, while others range from that height down to little more than a foot. Care must be taken, if several varieties are used, to give the low-growing kinds a place in the foreground. This plant is easily grown from division of the roots. September is the proper time to set out new plants of it.

Many of our common flowers, such as we grow in the garden in summer, make excellent winter plants. There is the single Petunia, for instance. Give it a six or seven inch pot of moderately rich soil, a sunny window to grow in, water enough to keep its roots moist all the time and, almost any temperature above freezing-point, and it will bloom freely all winter long. Few plants give a more cheerful effect to the window. In selecting a plant for winter use, go over your garden bed and search out the one that suits you best. Having found it cut away pretty nearly all the top. Then take a sharp spade and cut all around the plant, making a circle as large as that of the top of the pot you are going to put it into, and about four or five inches in depth. As soon as new growth starts about the crown of the plant, lift it and pot it carefully. Water it well to settle the soil about its roots, and set it in a shady place for a week or more. As a general thing, a plant will keep on growing as if nothing had happened to it, and by October it will be ready to bloom. But I would not let it do so. Keep all buds picked off until about the holiday season. Then give it a chance to show what it can do, and you will be delighted with it.

Chinese Pinks are good winter-bloomers if taken up early in the season and allowed to become thoroughly established in pots before being taken into the house. So are the Marguerite Carnations which we find growing in nearly every country garden nowadays. In the open garden they are not as satisfactory as we would like to have them, because they come into bloom so late in the season.

But by selecting the most desirable specimens and potting them early we can force them into bloom in the house during the winter, and they will be found more satisfactory there than any of the greenhouse Carnations which cost a great deal more, and are richer in color, and no more fragrant. In potting them, use a rather heavy soil and pack it firmly about the roots.

As soon as the seedling Hollyhocks are large enough to transplant safely, set them in the

places where they are to bloom. They will be found most effective if set in groups. Five or six plants of the same color, or of colors that contrast harmoniously, will give a much finer effect than single specimens, because of the greater body of color obtained by this means. Rose-colored and white kinds look well together. So do the pink and pale yellow sorts. But avoid putting the pink and red varieties together, if you want harmony. Now is a good time to sow Pansies for early flowering next spring. Or, if you look over the bed where these plants grow, you may find a good many seedlings. These can be set out in beds of rich soil, where they will make a good strong growth before winter sets in. If you want Pansies as soon as the snow goes away, you will have to depend on fall-grown



SINGLE PETUNIAS.

plants for them. So get ready for a fine display of them by giving them the attention they need at this season.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"How shall I take care of my Rambler Roses this fall?" Mrs. W.—Lay the bushes down on the ground when you are sure that cold weather is at hand, and cover them with sand or dry earth to the depth of three or four inches. Throw a basketful of coarse litter over the roots of the plants.

"Can I move Rose-bushes safely in fall, or should I wait until spring?" S. S. R.—The bushes can be moved safely as soon as the foliage is ripe. Disturb the roots as little as possible. Cut away at least half the top. Make the soil firm about their roots, and water well.

"What will kill lice on the Lady Washington Geranium? My plants are literally covered with them, and nothing that I have tried has any effect on them." Amateur.—There is an insecticide that I depend on because it is cheap, always at hand, easy to prepare, safe, and always effective. It is made by shaving a quarter of a pound of ivory soap, such as we use in the household, into thin strips and melting it. Put this in a pailful of water, and give the infested plants a bath in it. If one application is not enough, give another, and keep doing so until there is not an insect to be found.

"How often shall I water my plants? Some tell me three times a week, and some say every day. Which is right?" Mrs. O.—There is no positive rule. There can be none, for plants, under certain conditions, may not need it more than twice a week. We must give as needed, and in order to understand the needs of the plant we must keep watch of it. If the soil looks dry on the surface, it is to be taken for granted that more water is needed, and enough should be given to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. Then wait until the surface of the soil looks dry again. This is the general rule by which we water plants. Observation will enable you to modify it to suit existing conditions. Much more water is needed in summer than in winter, because in summer evaporation takes place rapidly, and in winter very slowly.

"I want to set out some Tulips and Hyacinths this fall. I have read somewhere that this ought to be done next month, but a friend says wait until November. What would you advise?" P. D. F.—I would advise September planting, by all means. For this reason: Bulbs set out then make a strong root-growth during the fall. This growth must be made before flowering-time if fine flowers are wanted. If it is not made during the fall, there will be very little time to make it in the spring, consequently you will not be likely to get really good flowers. Therefore set out your bulbs early and let them get ready for next spring's work at their leisure. I would never advise putting bulbs into the ground after the middle of October, at the north.

"I have been told that old geraniums are not good winter-bloomers. Is this so? I have several plants I kept in the house last winter. They bloomed finely. This summer I have not allowed them to bloom, calculating on getting winter flowers from them again. If they are of no value for a second season, I would like to know in time to get some young plants started." H. D. D.—Your Geraniums are just what you need for your winter-garden next winter. A young plant may give a few clusters of flowers, but it cannot give many, because it hasn't flowering-surface enough. Old plants, having many branches, will give a score of clusters where a young plant will give one, and are much more desirable than a young plant, in every way. Feed them well with liquid manure, or by mixing in old, well-rotted cow manure from the barnyard with the soil, and they will delight you with the beauty of their blossoms during the entire season.

Mrs. W. S. There are four roses which I can recommend for house-culture—Agrisola, dark crimson, Queen's Scarlet, same color, but larger, Grass and Leipnitz, lighter crimson, and Hermosa, pink. These are all grand winter-bloomers.

"SCHOOLMARM." Young Geraniums are not satisfactory for winter use, because, as a rule, they have very few branches, and the quantity of flowers depends upon the bushiness of a plant. Old plants, if cut back at this season and forced to produce new branches, will give far greater satisfaction. If smaller plants are preferred for winter, start them from cuttings next spring. Do not allow them to bloom during summer. Pinch off the ends of them from time to time to make them throw out branches. In this way you secure a bushy, compact plant with a large amount of flowering surface.

C. C.—Give your Banana a rich, light soil. Water well, and expose to sunshine. No special culture is needed.

Miss P. W.—Poppy-seed is salable, but I do not know what price it brings, therefore I am unable to tell you whether it is a profitable crop, or otherwise. Go to your druggist and ask him to give you a list of firms engaged in the manufacture of medicinal extracts. Then write to them for information.



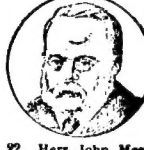


2. Nathan Strauss.



1. J. H. Martin.

## PORTRAITS AND PARAGRAPHS OF PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.



22. Herr John Most.



23. Emma Goldman.



3. Mrs. Johnson.

1. Americans may be counted upon as coming to the front on all occasions and in all lands. The latest one is J. H. Martin, better known as "Skeets" Martin, a jockey who rode Ard Patrick, the winning horse in the great English race at Epsom, called The Derby. By this American boy's skill in handling a good horse its owner, J. Gubbins, an Irishman, won a prize of \$50,000, to say nothing of the bets he won.



4. Judge Chester.

2. New York is said to be the most charitable city in the world, and it should be, with all the people of vast wealth it has. A notable charity is that of the establishment all over the city of milk booths, where the poor may get a bottle of prepared milk for children at one cent a bottle, or of the ordinary kind, pure, for nothing. This charity has been dispensed by Mr. Nathan Strauss, a millionaire, for ten years past, and last year 800,000 bottles were sold and given away, and millions of glasses were sold at a cent a glass. The milk depots are kept open only during the summer months.



5. Michael Herbert.

3. When the present King Edward of England visited this country as the Prince of Wales forty years ago, he was entertained at the White House in Washington by President Buchanan, his niece Miss Harriet Lane doing the honors as Mr. Buchanan was a bachelor. The King remembers so well the courtesies extended him then, that Miss Lane, who is now Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, was personally invited by the King to attend his coronation, among his especial guests.



6. Mrs. Herbert.

4. The Beef Trust, which has recently gained more disagreeable notoriety than any combine the people have had to do with, carried things with such a high hand that it was believed no power of the courts could be brought to bear upon it. But injunction proceedings were begun and Judge Alden Chester of the New York Supreme Court granted the injunction restraining the trust from fixing prices, thus breaking its power as far as the law can go.



7. Lord Kitchener.

5, 6. Diplomatic circles in Washington are pleased with the appointment of the Hon. Michael Herbert to succeed the late Lord Pauncefoot as English Ambassador to the United States. This country is also well pleased because Mr. Herbert is not only a man of ability, but his wife is an American woman, being the daughter of R. T. Wilson of New York City. Mr. Herbert is Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, and will not take his position at Washington until September.



8. Dr. Barrows.

7. Peace has at last come to the Boers and their submission to the English government is the price of it. As a special favor to President Kruger he will not be asked to acknowledge the ascendancy of England. Lord Kitchener, through whose efforts the war was pushed to the end, will be made a Viscount and be granted a gift of \$250,000. The terms of peace were advantageous to the Boers, if they will accept them in the proper spirit, but many will still refuse to submit.



9. David B. Hill.

8. One of the best known colleges through the West and South, is Oberlin College at the town of that name in Ohio. It was one of the first colleges to admit colored students equally with white. Very many teachers have graduated from Oberlin. Its President, Dr. John Henry Barrows, died there recently, aged fifty-five years.



10. M. Combes.

9. No Democrat in all the party or out of it is better known than the Hon. David Bennett Hill, and while some may have thought that Mr. Hill was no longer a power in his party because he had apparently gone into retirement, it is not so in fact. Mr. Hill is now one of the guiding influences in New York state, and what he will be when the next Democratic Presidential Convention assembles in 1904, nobody can say.



11. King Edward.

10. France has recently gone through a Cabinet upheaval and the old ministry has given place to a new one. It once was the case that France was almost as bad as the South American republics, but that day has passed and now changes in the government are made without any great disturbance. The new Premier of France is M. Combes, who is also Minister of the Interior.



12. Mr. Squiers.

11. Ordinarily when we think of Kings they are associated with crowns and scepters and thrones, and we can only imagine them with glittering diadems on their heads, golden rods in their hands, purple robes on their backs and lofty thrones under them. But the picture we give of King Edward conveys a very different impression, and we see only a very nice-looking English gentleman who looks about like any ordinary, well-dressed man. And that is what he is when we get him away from all the pomp and circumstance that are thrown about him. Kings are not what they used to be.

12. The first United States Minister to the Republic of Cuba is Herbert G. Squiers of New York, former First Secretary of Legation at Peking, China. Mr. Squiers has had much experience as a diplomat and is a man of wealth. The salary of the position is \$10,000 a year.

13, 14. Probably the most colossal swindle of the age is that recently worked in France by two people known as Frederic and Madame

Humbert. These two sharpers represented that they were heirs to an estate of twenty million dollars left by Robert Crawford, an American, who died at Nice some years ago. The papers were alleged by Madame Humbert to be locked up in her safe, where, under the French law they could not be got at for several years. On the supposition that they were telling the truth, and by several suits brought by their co-conspirators which were decided in their favor, they succeeded in borrowing money from all sorts of people, business men, bankers, and others, until they had gathered in something like twenty million francs, about four million dollars. They have now disappeared, and strange to say, had not been caught at last accounts. They lived in great style in Paris.

15. For many years the best known man in horse racing circles was James F. Caldwell, whose part in the races was starting the horses, and he was known as "The Prince of Starters." In later years he had lost his prestige, but at one time his income was from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. He died at Saratoga, N. Y., recently at the age of sixty-five. He was born in Danville, Kentucky.

16. The present President of Venezuela, Castro, came to his office chiefly by a revolutionary raid on the office held by President Andrade, and now President Castro is doing his best to prevent General Manuel Antonio Matos from taking the Presidency away from him as he took it from Andrade. It is not at all surprising, however, as most of the South American republics elect their Presidents in that manner. At last accounts Castro was still in office but the revolutionists were getting nearer.

17. Just before the coronation of King Edward of England, there was a report that he had been stricken with partial paralysis, and a fear prevailed that he might not live to be crowned. Of course King Edward can command the attention of the greatest physicians in the world, but his Physician in Ordinary and Surgeon Apothecary is Sir Francis Henry Laking, who will be seen by his picture, herewith, to be a young man of pleasing physiognomy.

18. No American woman spends more money on society in London than does the wife of John W. Mackay, the millionaire business man of New York, who made his first million in Western mines. Mrs. Mackay lives in London and her husband lives in New York, but he gives her money enough to spend to her heart's desire. News of the death of Mr. Mackay in London has just arrived.

19. General Charles P. Eagan, former Commissary General, U. S. Army, who was retired from the service because of his violent attack on General Miles in the "embalmed beef" investigation, has for some time past been mining in Mexico and Arizona, where he is said to have made a great deal of money. Recently, however, he almost lost his life at Hermosillo, Mex., where he drew his revolver on a man named Goldbaum. Goldbaum caught the pistol in time to send the bullet to the ceiling, and he threw Gen. Eagan to the floor and might have ended his career if others had not interfered and stopped the fight.

20. Much discussion has arisen over the conduct of Governor General Wood in Cuba in using his influence and Cuban money to effect American legislation in favor of reciprocity with Cuba. The stories circulated did much to secure the defeat of the bill which it passed would have injured the Beet Sugar industry in this country. It is generally believed that General Wood did not exceed his authority, and the money he spent was subscribed by Cubans for the purpose and was legitimately expended.

21. A Mayor of national reputation is Mayor John Hinchcliffe of Paterson, N. J., headquarters for anarchy in this country, and the home of Bresci, who assassinated King Humbert of Italy. At the recent silk strikes in Paterson, chiefly led by anarchists, Mayor Hinchcliffe discharged his Chief of Police, who was afraid to act, and took charge himself, with the result that the rioting was settled in short order. In the twelve million dollar fire not long ago in Paterson, and in the great floods almost overwhelming the city, Mayor Hinchcliffe did more than all others to restore the normal condition of affairs. He has been at the front in other needs of the city. He is a democrat and carries the town over a big republican vote entirely on personal qualities and his record.

22, 23. The two most prominent and notorious anarchists in the United States are Herr John Most and Emma Goldman. They have not been much in evidence since the assassination of President McKinley, but recently Most was sent to Blackwell's Island penitentiary, New York City for a year, for publishing an incendiary article on the death of President McKinley, and Emma Goldman was reported to be the woman who made a speech in Paterson, N. J., urging the strikers to deeds of destruction. She disappeared after she made her speech. When Most was sentenced—he had been out on bail for a year—he said: "This is the funeral day of the press of America." We believe it is nearer the funeral day of anarchy.

24. Emperor William of Germany is always seeking some way of getting himself into the

world's notice. It was a great bit of advertising to send his brother Henry to this country last Spring, but that is all over now, and not long ago William made a speech at Wiesbaden which was more like a sermon, and after giving a great amount of flattery to both Protestants and Catholics, he assured his hearers that he would place his "Empire under the protection of God."

25. Sometime ago a New Jersey millionaire, Henry M. Bennett of Farmingdale, died, leaving more than a million dollars, the bulk of his estate to the actress Laura Bigger, "for tireless service and unflinching devotion." Mrs. Bigger nursed the old millionaire for four years before his death and ruined her own health in caring for him. Now she is sued by his heirs, his wife having died some years ago, as having exercised undue influence upon the aged and sickly millionaire, but she has a good case.

26. The best known politician in the United States never to have been in office, is Richard Croker of New York, at one time "Boss of Tammany." Mr. Croker is now in England, at his horse-farm "Wantage," and he says he has retired from politics and New York. Among his most vigorous opposers in Tammany is John C. Sheehan, who recently charged Mr. Croker with getting a million and a half dollars out of a contract let by the city to some friends of his. This angered Mr. Croker to such an extent that he sent word to his New York friends that he was coming back, but only long enough "to smash John C. Sheehan's face." As will be seen by Mr. Sheehan's face in the picture, Mr. Croker will have plenty of face to smash.

27. Among the American prisoners in Cuba released by President Palma's amnesty proclamation was Estes G. Rathbone convicted with others of post office frauds and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. He was also fined \$35,324. Rathbone has returned to New York and he is very bitter against Gen. Wood, whom he accuses of preventing a fair trial. Rathbone is a near friend of Senator Hanna and the Senator is doing all he can to get Rathbone's case straightened out.

28. The greatest killer of human beings of recent years is Jane Toppin, a trained nurse, recently sent for life to the Insane Asylum from Taunton, Mass. Miss Toppin is about thirty-five years old and during her services as nurse has killed thirty-one persons with morphine. Some of them were her best friends. She showed no remorse when her acts were brought home to her, and freely admitted that she killed her patients because she could not help herself. She also attempted on various occasions to set fire to houses.

29. Very few newspaper readers have not heard of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the veteran Congressman from Illinois. He is a Republican of the stalwart kind, and he is the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and lately has been getting more than usual public notice from his attempts to cut down the sums to be expended. In a speech he said to Congress: "I say to you that the extravagance of appropriations must be stopped. We are face to face with a deficit if we don't quit."

30. The features of the late Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador to this country, were familiar to many people from his frequent pictures, but pictures of Lady Pauncefoot, his widow, are less in evidence. She sailed with her three daughters for England in June, and before leaving, her photograph got into the public prints. As will be seen she is a handsome woman.

31, 32. If King Edward of Great Britain should die, as may occur at any time in his present condition, he will be succeeded on the throne by his oldest living son, George Frederick, Prince of Wales. He was born in 1865 and is reported to be most progressive in his ideas, and a good speaker. His wife is the Princess Victoria May of Teck, daughter of the Duke of Teck. She was born in 1867, and they have three children. She is an Englishwoman, and is very popular.

33. Blacking boots at five cents a shine in City Hall Park, N. Y., is a bootblack known as "Herman," who a few months ago was worth \$25,000, made in betting on horse races. Herman quit blacking boots when he had money, but like many others, it turned his head, and he didn't stop with what he had, but tried to make more, as he had made the rest. In a very short time Herman was as poor as ever, and had to get back to shining again.

34. Edward Marks, Treasurer of the Metropolitan Turf Association and one of the best known book-makers in this country, died recently in New York, thus dissolving a partnership of years with Edward Burke, another book-maker. This partnership was remarkable in that no agreements of any kind were entered into, but they divided all gains and losses equally, taking each other's word for all transactions. At one time Burke asked Marks for \$60,000, which was passed over to him without a word, as representing Marks' loss of a bet of \$120,000, and at another time \$25,000 was passed between them, as profit on a winning bet of \$50,000. No question ever rose between them and they had implicit confidence in each other. Marks left a fortune of a million dollars.



24. Emperor William.



25. Mrs. Bigger.



26. John C. Sheehan.



27. E. G. Rathbone.



28. Jane Toppin.



29. "Uncle Joe" Cannon.



30. Lady Pauncefoot.



31. Prince of Wales.



32. Princess of Wales.



33. "Herman."



34. Edward Marks.



13. Frederic Humbert.



14. Madame Humbert.



15. J. F. Caldwell.



16. President Castro.



17. Sir Francis Henry Laking.



18. Mrs. Mackay.



19. Gen. Eagan.



20. Gen. Wood.



21. Mayor Hinchcliffe.





## THE HOME WORKERS OF COMFORT.



**T**HE proper care of bedding should enter into the education of every daughter of the household, for it is one of the essentials of health, as well as showing the character of the housewife, for what shows more conclusively a woman's ideas of neatness and cleanliness than the care with which her bed paraphernalia is attended to and the every day appearance of her chambers?

When a mattress is new it should be encased in a cover of unbleached sheeting, which should be removed and washed once a year. This keeps the dust from the mattress cover. For covers which have not been so protected, rinse the ticking well in cold water to which has been added a little potash, and rinse well afterwards.

When people live in or near a city, the easiest and most satisfactory way for cleansing blankets is to send them to a regular cleanser. The charge is only seventy-five cents for a pair, and they are re-bound if they need it, and returned to you in almost as good condition as when first bought. If it is not possible, however, to have it done outside, choose a warm, sunny day. Brush and shake them thoroughly to remove as much dust as possible before wetting them. Put some household ammonia in the tub, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to each quart of water; pour warm water over the ammonia before putting in the blankets; then put in the blankets and move them around in the water, but do not rub them. Rinse in warm water, press through a wringer, but do not wring with the hands. Hang out to dry in the shade, where there is good air, squeezing the lower edge of the blankets occasionally, to get rid of the water that runs down from the top while drying.

It is better, when blankets are first bought, to cut them in two and bind the edges, for in washing it is much easier to cleanse one and then the other, rather than the two at once in the same tub. Then, too, there are times when only one blanket is needed on the bed, and it is easier to have a single one to use, than to handle the double ones, only using half.

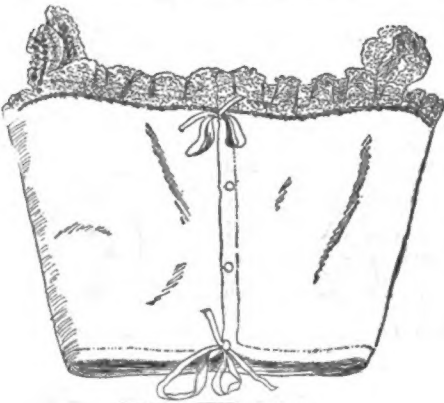
A correspondent, writing to thank us for the



PATTERN.

description of a warm weather nightgown in last month's issue of COMFORT, asks if we can give as satisfactory a pattern for a corset cover. We think we can, and are glad to do so herewith.

The beauty of this cover is that it has no seams. It is cut on the bias, Long Cloth being used. The diagram will show the shape, and of course the size is determined by the measurements of the person who is to wear it. The lower line, which is the waist, should be an inch longer than the size of the waist, and the upper line long enough to be comfortable across the bust. The waist is cut and hemmed all around, narrowly, except the two front edges which are turned in enough to lap an inch. Then the top of the cover is trimmed with lace beading, lace insertion and lace edge, in the order given, and straps made for the shoulders of the same, and sewed on back and front where the armhole shows in the diagram. Buttons and buttonholes are made in the front, ribbon is run through the beading and into the lower hem, and the waist is complete. Be sure and have the lace straps over the shoulders large enough, as lace shrinks in



COMPLETED COVER.

the laundering. Use wash silk ribbon, which is heavy and looks just as well after using a long time as when new, while the ordinary baby ribbon looks like a string after one wetting. It is a good idea to sew a tab of double white tape an inch wide at the waist

line in the middle of the back, to fasten to the skirt with a small safety pin, as a waist reaching only to the waist line is apt to slide up if not fastened down securely. One of these waists can be made in an afternoon, and if two or three are made at the same time they are not very expensive, as a whole piece of lace, beading, insertion and ribbon can be bought and quite a saving made in buying large quantities.

If a waist that is fuller across the bust is desired, all that is necessary is to tuck the cloth top and bottom, across the front, tucks running up and down, fastening the tucks only at the top and bottom, and letting the cloth out loose between. In cutting for this, simply allow nine inches on each end, which will give all the fullness desired. Slim people like to do this, but stout people are looking for just such a pattern as the diagram, for it fits the figure like the proverbial glove.

A young woman, known to the writer, whose reputation for saying the right thing to the right people almost unerringly has spread abroad in her circle, has frankly admitted that not all of her success is spontaneous.

"It often happens," she says, "that I have an



FAVOR BOX.

entertainment, a dinner, a tea, or a dance, after a fatiguing day, and am in a condition by no means up to normal; I feel stupid and destitute of ideas. It is then I refresh my mentality with a glance into a book that I keep for the purpose. It is a blank book, and it is slowly filling up with matter of my own culling.

"Really bright and fresh stories that I hear, good and adaptable thoughts that I come across either in a book or in the speech of friends, I copy out in this little volume for service when I most need them."

This isn't a bad idea, by any means, as we are all expected to be at our best when invited out and to do our share of the entertaining, and this is no small matter when one has had a fatiguing day, or, perhaps, is feeling indisposed. With such a book to glance into just before going out, one's mind is taken off one's self, and one or two suggestions from the book will set the tired brain in motion and lead to all sorts of interesting thoughts and ideas which would otherwise have lain dormant.

A pretty fancy for a children's party where small favors are to be distributed, is to have a large, round cardboard box with a cover, as a receptacle for the gifts. A three-cornered section is cut from the cover before the icing is put on, and then replaced, and the box iced over and decorated like a wedding cake, the place where the cover is cut being marked in the icing before it is hard, and then, when the favors are to be distributed this piece can be cut out of the top of the cake (or box) and the inside reached without mutilating the rest of the icing. Before the box is iced, small gifts are rolled in tissue paper and placed inside, tied around with narrow ribbons or gold and silver cords, and the ends of the cords are left quite long and all together, so that when the piece of the cover is removed, an end of each cord or ribbon is given each little guest and he or she can draw out the gift on the other end of the cord.

### Terms Used in Crochet.

Ch, chain; sc, single crochet; dc, double crochet; tc, treble crochet; stc, short treble crochet; dte, double treble crochet; p, picot.

### Crochet Insertion.

The materials are a steel crochet-hook and white cotton; and the pattern is a very pretty one for trimming petticoats, drawers, bodices, etc. Begin with the middle pattern, and crochet rows forward and backward crosswise. Make a chain of 10 stitches and work upon this for the

1st Row—Ch 3 for 1st tr, then 3 times alternate, ch 1 and 1 tr and with each ch skip 1 stitch of 1st ch, ch 3, skip 1. The last three stitches of the 1st ch are to divide 7 tr.

2nd Row—Ch 3, 3 times alternate ch 1 and 1 tr in the two upper threads of the 2d, 4th, and 6th tr of preceding row, ch 3, 7 tr in hole of scallop formed by ch 3.

3rd Row—Repeat 2nd time till work is length required; then work straight border on each side, ch 7, 1 sc in corner of each leaf, then a

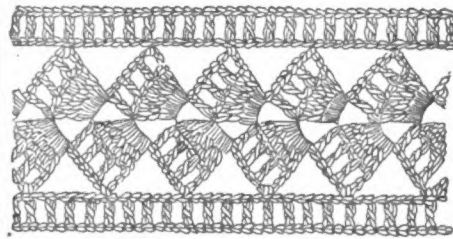
row of ch 1, and 1 tr, skip 1 stitch of previous row.

So many queries come to us from beginners trying to learn the simple stitch of tatting we give the following directions feeling sure they will benefit some one.

Workers are most, if not all the time, directed to use two shuttles, but if you will try my plan of using one shuttle and a spool of thread you will find you can avoid making knots on the half-loop (or under-loop), which makes neater, stronger work. When shuttle needs refilling, use thread from another spool for the purpose.

To begin: Make a loop with shuttle thread thus: 8 stitches (or, as they are usually called by most instructors, double knots), 1 picot: 8 stitches; a second picot: 8 stitches, a third picot: 8 stitches, then draw closely to form the loop, in which are 32 stitches (or 16 double knots), with little picots on it.

Turn this loop upside down and hold it and the thread from spool between thumb and finger; put the spool thread around the fingers,



CROCHET INSERTION.

bring it up and slip it under thumb with the loop end of thread, and then, using the shuttle, make 16 stitches upon the thread from the spool—just as if it were the shuttle-thread. Draw the stitches closely toward left hand, open fingers, and the spool thread will drop. Twenty stitches will make a more drooping curve to the half-loop, and, if you wish, you can make picots on it, too.

Turn work "right side up," put shuttle thread round fingers and make another whole loop—drawing the first stitch as closely as possible to the half loop. Reverse work; make half loop—and so proceed as directed.

It may seem slightly awkward at the first, but with a little patience and perseverance you will succeed.

### A Veil-Case.

A piece of fine white linen twenty-four inches long and seven inches wide is folded crosswise in the middle, then the bottom edges are folded backward to the middle crease, making three receptacles when the sides are stitched. Bind the raw edges with pale blue satin ribbon. On the face of the case, work blue forget-me-nots with their green leaves, using blue silk for the lettering, with these words:

See Within  
This Dainty Case  
Filmy Veils  
For Thy Fair Face.

The one to whom it is given will be pleased with the dainty gift.

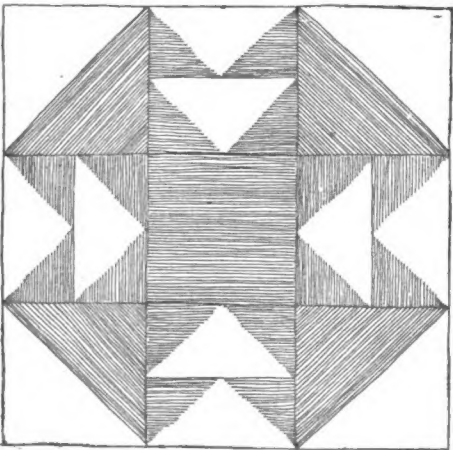
Below we illustrate a new method of utilizing small pieces of silk, satin, or velvet for a sofa pillow. It is very pretty when finished and so inexpensive. Pieces two inches square are used and sewed in place, slightly overlapping one another. This same design could be carried out in red, blue, or green checked gingham for a summer pillow. It would be durable and could be easily laundered.



A substitute for feather pillows can be made by cutting up clean white rags into quite small pieces, fraying them a little with the fingers, then filling cotton ticks with them. The cutting of the rags may be done by children and it will be a useful pleasure, as they will realize that they are spending their time in working for those who really need their help.

### Patchwork.

Patchwork is again becoming very fashionable. A thin piece of tin or cardboard cut the exact size and shape of the pieces required should be kept to insure all the pieces being the same. This greatly facilitates the work. The Double Square pattern given here is very popular and also easy to make. It is very effective made of sharply contrasting colors; the shape of the pieces required is plainly shown.



THE DOUBLE SQUARE.

### A New Use for Shoe Strings.

Shoe strings have heretofore been considered as only useful articles, but now they will have to be classed as ornamental as well. The unique way of utilizing them for purposes other than for what they were intended, originated with a Western woman, and the craze for shoe string bags, belts, neckties and hat bands quickly spread all over the country, and now every up-to-date woman has, or intends to have, one or more of these articles.

They are very durable, inexpensive, pretty, and above all, easily made. The belts are great favorites as they adjust themselves to the form and stay in place. They can be made of black, brown, blue, or crimson, or braided in a pattern combining two or more colors as one prefers. The bags are very handsome when made of black shoe strings and lined with a bright color. Any of the articles would make an acceptable birthday or Christmas present, and hat bands made of the different college colors are at present very popular with students.

The leading articles of favor and now most made by ladies for general use are the shoe string bags and shoe string belts that are illustrated on this page, and, believing that our readers will appreciate the opportunity to obtain full and complete instructions and material to make up these various articles, we have taken it upon ourselves to prepare a set of



directions including simple illustrations showing how the knots are made and telling just how to go ahead and make a bag or belt.

These complete instructions are furnished absolutely free with a sufficient number of laces for a bag or belt, just as you prefer, under the following easy conditions: send us a club of only four 10c. six months' subscribers to "COMFORT" for a quantity sufficient to make one bag, or enough for both bag and belt for a club of nine 10c. six months' subscribers. You may have your choice of black, white or dark red, and you will kindly mention a second choice as possibly we will be unable to furnish the particular color.

So many of our readers are such excellent needleworkers and so extremely diligent and



wide awake we anticipate that our efforts in this respect will be appreciated, and that we will have a very large call for these shoe strings that as many as desire may procure the material for a bag or belt which are at this particular season of the year so very popular. Kindly address your orders to

"COMFORT" SHOE STRING DEPARTMENT,  
Augusta, Maine.



**T**HE origin of the word "toast" in drinking a health is interesting. In the 16th century a piece of toast was added to the drinks, which floated on the liquor and was supposed to give additional flavor. A story is told of that time regarding a certain beau, at Bath, who pledged a noted beauty in a glass of water taken from her bath, whereupon another beau said he would have nothing to do with the liquor, but would take the toast—meaning the lady herself. From this incident is said to have arisen the habit of giving a lady's name to preface or flavor the drinking of wine.





# FLOSSIE FIELD'S FORTUNES

## The Story of a Poor Girl

By Lucy Randall COMFORT

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### CHAPTER VI.

"WHY, Flossie, child, where have you been?" questioned Mrs. Joycotte as the girl hurried, an hour later, into the parsonage. "And as white as a ghost, too! Oh, I knew you were foolish to go out so soon after your illness. Did you lose your way dear?"

The color came and went like a red flag on poor Flossie's face.

"Yes," she faltered, "I—did—lose my way. I have been seeking work."

"And without success? Oh, my dear, I see that in your poor, pale face."

Flossie sank spiritlessly on the sofa. "Yes, without success."

Mrs. Joycotte brought her a glass of wine. "Take this, dear. Then it's well that I have been more fortunate. I believe I have secured you a good place—that is, if you don't mind hard work."

Wary though she was, Flossie's face brightened; she put down the wine glass. "Mind hard work? Not in the least. What is it, dear Mrs. Joycotte? Where is it? Oh, I am so thankful!"

"I won't tell you another word today," smiled Mrs. Joycotte, "not until you have eaten and slept. Tomorrow will be quite time enough."

And not all Flossie's entreaties could move her.

The next day, however, she arranged Flossie's hair herself and pinned a fresh lace frill into the girl's black gown. "It's necessary that you should look very pretty," said she, laughing. "Old Mrs. Towers cannot bear anyone near her who is not young and lovely."

"Then I'm to be a companion?" said Flossie.

"And whose?"

"Didn't I tell you? Mrs. Tressilian Towers."

"But I don't know who she is."

"That shows how ignorant you are of New York society. She is Mrs. Vaillant's mother; she lives at No. — Fifty-Eighth Street; she is very old and childishly young—she is pink and white like a rose, and yet she is shriveled like a mummy."

"I don't understand you," faltered Flossie.

"Put on your hat, dear, and we'll start," said Mrs. Joycotte. "I don't wonder that you are puzzled. But we are late already. Mrs. Tower is very capricious, and it may cost you your situation if we keep her waiting. I can tell you about it as we walk. Mrs. Vaillant is a very fashionable lady, and her mother, Mrs. Towers, was a famous beauty, half a century ago, and is an enormously rich woman now. But she had a severe illness—some trouble of the brain—years before you were born, Flossie—and when she recovered her reason was practically gone with it. To this day she believes herself as young and beautiful as Venus or Psyche or any of those ideals. And she is dressed and painted and gold powdered every day, and drives in the park, goes to big balls and drives her poor companions half crazy—indeed, they say she can never keep one more than a month at a time."

"She shall keep me!" cried Flossie earnestly.

"If only I am lucky enough to please her."

"Oh, she's a good-natured soul," said Mrs. Joycotte, "only so full of whims and fancies. Mad, of course—but it's a harmless mad, if you give her plenty of cosmetics and listen to her talk about her own beauty and grace. It will be tedious, of course, but —"

"Not too tedious for me," said Flossie. "Oh, I must find a home!"

Mrs. Joycotte looked surprised at the girl's big, frightened eyes. Flossie dropped them, terrified lest they should betray the experience through which she had yesterday passed. "For I never, never, could tell her how foolish I was to go with that man," thought Flossie. "She would despise me—and, after all, perhaps it isn't wrong to have a secret if it harms no one else."

"I am terrifying the poor child," thought Mrs. Joycotte, "and it won't be such a bad place. Flossie," she said aloud, "did you ever act in private theatricals?"

And Flossie started. "No," she answered, almost inaudibly, with wildly beating heart. Could Mrs. Joycotte know about the Æthalion Theatre and Madame Lavoglio?

"Well, this will be a sort of to-be-continued private theatrical all the time," said Mrs. Joycotte, "and you will be dresser and decorator ad libitum, besides being an audience who must never get tired of the love stories and society triumphs of fifty years ago."

Flossie gave a sigh of relief. "I shall not be tired," she said.

"You are very white, dear," said her kind escort. "Are you sure we are not walking too fast?"

"Oh, quite sure," declared Flossie. "Is this the place? Why, it looks like a palace! I am afraid!"

"Come," said Mrs. Joycotte, firmly, or Flossie might have quailed on the very doorstep.

A man servant in black showed them into a big semi-darkened room, soft with steam heat and odorous with blossoms of roses and blue and white violets, and disappeared, with Mrs. Joycotte's card on a silver salver.

A minute later the Persian portieres were lifted and a strange vision glided in, leaning partly on a pearl topped cane, partly on the arm of a stout woman whose lace cap and muslin apron, tied over a black silk gown, betrayed the status of lady's maid.

"I'm sure I beg pardon, ladies," said this personage, "but she would come in. She always comes if she chances to hear the door bell. Oh, ma'am, it wasn't my fault," to a portly, middle-aged lady in a trailing tea-gown of pink Japanese silk, billowed over with cascades of creamy lace, who entered from an adjoining door at the same moment.

"Never mind, Morris," said the lady. "Good morning, Mrs. Joycotte."

But Flossie had stopped abruptly. Had her senses deserted her? or was she in a dream? In spite of Mrs. Joycotte's words of preparation she hardly knew whether she was looking upon a beautiful vision of eighteen, or a figure

stepped from one of Vandyke's old canvases.

For a moment only, and then she became aware that the curling treasures were dyed, the eyebrows artificially manipulated, the complexion a dazzling sham, and the milk-white teeth mere porcelain. She looked intently at the beauty of half a century ago in sheer white muslin draperies and sparkling diamonds. The strange vision eyed her with equal earnestness.

"Oh!" said she in a lisping baby voice, sweet with the sweetness of forgotten years. "This is my new companion. Morris, I told you it was some one for me. Come here, darling, and kiss me. How pretty you are! And I am so glad! Wintergrove had a crooked nose and a wart under her chin. Beautiful people are always drawn towards each other, and Wintergrove hated me. But you are like a rose."

Mrs. Joycotte and the lady in the pink gown smiled at each other. "I knew she would suit," murmured the minister's wife, and the rich lady whispered back: "It's so fortunate!"

A faint odor of roses floated through the room as Mrs. Towers led Flossie towards the door.

"You must pardon us, ladies," said the beauty, "but I have been expecting this young friend for some time—Miss Eveleth, you know, Sir Brian's daughter. He wrote to me about her the night before he shot himself. Such a tragedy! But what could I do? I was engaged to Tressilian Towers then, and how could I disappoint him? Come up stairs, Miss Eveleth, and I'll show you your father's miniature, set in diamonds. Tressilian said I might keep it. There is no harm in that, surely?"

"Not in the least, mamma," said Mrs. Vaillant, yawning behind her pocket handkerchief. "Go with her, Miss—Field—I think that is your name."

"No," lisped the sweet voice in resolute accents. "Miss Eveleth—didn't I tell you? Sir Brian's daughter. I think you are growing more stupid every day, Helena."

Flossie hung back a little, but Mrs. Joycotte nodded encouragingly, and she accompanied Mrs. Tower, greatly to Morris' relief.

"She have took to you wonderful, Miss," muttered the maid. "And a blessing it is, too, and I hope it'll last. Hush—she stooped to pick up a jeweled hairpin—she'll hear—she have got ears like an Indian hunter, and she near eighty."

"Seventeen, Morris, not eighteen," said the lady, composedly. "But you're right. All my ancestors had quick hearing. Remain where you are. We do not need you, now that Sir Brian's daughter has come."

And the upshot of this strange visit was that Flossie Field was engaged as companion to Mrs. Tressilian Towers at a sum that seemed to her almost fabulous.

"Oh, madam, I never can earn all that!" she protested to Mrs. Vaillant, who settled the terms, while Mademoiselle Nanon, the hair-dresser, was "doing" Mrs. Towers' golden tresses in her own bedroom.

"You will have to keep a constant eye on her," said Mrs. Vaillant. "She takes the strangest fancies sometimes, and one can never relax one's vigilance. She tore up all Mr. Vaillant's business papers the other day, thinking they were her old love letters. She throws away money on beggars who call her a pretty young lady, and she gave my diamond cross to Morris yesterday because she thought the stones were false. She can never remember the right medicines to take, or the proper quantity."

"Of course it's Morris' business to wait on her, but Morris won't have much chance now that she has taken such a fancy to you."

"I will endeavor to please her," said Flossie quietly.

Nothing would suit Mrs. Towers short of Flossie's going down to dinner with her, until the girl pleaded a piteous excuse.

"I have no dress, madam," she said at first, remembering the wonderful dinner costume of white chiffon and seed-pearl embroidery in which Mrs. Vaillant's tall daughter had swept past her.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Towers. "I'm quite sure you could wear my dresses. There's a pale blue China crepe that would become you immensely. Morris, bring it here."

And then Flossie was forced to fall back on a headache.

"Though to be sure," said Mrs. Towers, "she must think me very heartless—it can't be a year since poor Sir Brian—dear me, dear me! I am so glad I remembered."

But on the second day the ghost of Sir Brian had passed entirely from the poor lady's memory, and Flossie was promoted to her own personality again.

"My companion, a charming creature of my own age, Miss Field of Field Court," she introduced her to some guests who were to dine at the house that day.

Miss Hilary Vaillant, a this season's beauty, lifted her pretty eyebrows. "The Field Court people are quite a different people," whispered she. "But Theodora is so ridiculous."

For Mrs. Towers would not allow her granddaughter to call her any name but that of her girlhood, and treated her exactly as a contemporary.

"Miss Field has sustained a family loss," said the beauty with dignity. "Else you would have the pleasure of dining with her. But she will join us in the drawing-room afterwards."

So Flossie, in black taffeta dress with black lace veiling her beautiful shoulders, and a simple jet necklace around her throat, which Mrs. Towers had given her, sat, palpitating, among the roses and orchids by the grand piano until the dinner guests should find their way back.

"Oh, if I could only run away and hide," thought she. "What shall I say? Which way shall I look? And I don't think Miss Vaillant likes me very much—but if she knew that I was the one that picked up her Paderewski ticket, that day, and sat in her seat with her flowers in my hand, she would like me still less."

For Flossie Field was one of those who never forgot a face, and she had seen Hilary Vaillant in the carriage driving away from Carnegie Library on the eventful day that had already begun to color her destiny. Moreover she had

heard her name on Mayne's lips when first he had entered the box, expecting to find her there.

"I suppose he comes here sometimes," thought Flossie, starting a little, as the electric radiance suddenly flamed up and the shadowy room became a blaze of light.

There was a sound of nearing voices and soft, well-bred laughter, and the next minute Mrs. Towers entered.

"Oh, here is my shrinking violet," she said, in her lisping voice. "I hope you are not tired waiting, love. Here is a gentleman I wish to present to you. Miss Field of Field Court, this is Capt. Mayne from Devonshire, England, a near neighbor of poor dear Sir Brian Eveleth."

Captain Mayne bowed low, but Flossie ignored him utterly. "May I go upstairs for my fan, Mrs. Towers?" she murmured, and vanished like an apparition.

### CHAPTER VII.

There was a momentary silence among the guests. Captain Mayne colored and bit his lip. Miss Vaillant opened her eyes very wide, but Mrs. Towers smiled, supremely calm.

"Oh, my poor wounded dove!" she said. "But you cannot marvel that the very mention of Sir Brian Eveleth's name should upset her. I may trust to Captain Mayne's chivalry to excuse her. At some later period she may have her feelings more under control. And now, perhaps, Helena," to Mrs. Vaillant, "Signora Delmata will favor us with that song."

Mrs. Vaillant nodded to the Italian cantatrice standing behind the palms, and so poor Flossie escaped.

"But, mamma," whispered Hilary, her black brows knitting, just as Signora Delmata reached her famous "high G," "that girl should be taught a lesson. Because grand-mamma is half-cracked, her companion has no business to behave like a lunatic. You really must speak to her."

Mrs. Vaillant shook her head. "I don't dare to, Hilary," she murmured. "You know very well that your grandmother will take no hints from me. Hush! People are looking at us."

So it happened that Flossie, coming quietly down to breakfast next day with Mrs. Towers, received none of the rod that Hilary had in pickle for her, but she could not but observe that young lady's coldness toward her.

"But I can't help it," thought Flossie, her soft eyes filling with tears. "I will never speak to that man again if I can help it."

Flossie Field, however, was yet to learn that in Fate's web the silken threads overlap one another in constantly recurring patterns. That very day she was sitting in the boudoir arranging some fresh violets in a cut glass vase during the temporary siesta of Mrs. Towers, who had dropped to sleep in the very midst of a long description of some young poet who had sought her love before she met the late Mr. Tressilian Towers, when Morris, the maid, put her head in at the door.

"Please walk in, sir," she said to some one behind her. "Miss Hilary's out driving with her ma, and the old madam's asleep, but here's her companion."

"Mrs. Towers is asleep?" said a low, pleasant voice. "Then don't disturb her, pray. I can amuse myself here for the present."

As he lifted his hat courteously to the girl who sat blushing among the violets, her face suddenly brightened. "Why!" she exclaimed, "you are the gentleman whose picture I was so stupid as to upset at the Exchange, are you not?"

"My name is Geoffrey Marchlands," he said, scarcely at first recognizing her in the semi-light. "And you are —"

"I am Florence Field," she confessed, wondering why her heart beat so joyously, as if at the sight of some long-lost friend. "I—I am Mrs. Towers' companion."

"Oh!" said he, half smiling. "Then she has changed companions again? And so you are the young lady I met at the Exchange? Perhaps I shall not inconvenience you if I wait here for a few minutes?"

"Not at all," assented Flossie, moving her valets. "Did—did you sell your picture that day?"

A puzzled expression crossed his face. "What picture? Oh, I beg your pardon. No. I did not."

Flossie looked at him with soft, wistful eyes. "I am so sorry," said she. "Neither have I heard anything from my table-scarf. Rich people don't seem to have any consideration for us poor workers. But, Mr. Marchlands, please don't think I'm interfering, but—but—Mrs. Towers is very rich—"

"Yes, I know that," he said.

"And very generous," Flossie added.

"I believe I may be sure of that."

"So—perhaps—I don't know—she might buy it."

Did that glance of his mean surprise? Or was it annoyance? No, Flossie was sure there was nothing but kindness in the calm dark eyes that regarded her so curiously.

"I would not have mentioned it," said she, "only that I am poor myself, and know how difficult it is to live."

"Pray don't apologize," said he, sincerely. "I shall not forget your kindness."—(And even at the same moment Flossie marvelled how she had dared to volunteer these unconsidered words.)—"But I assure you I know all about Mrs. Towers: she is a very old friend of my father's. We are both English, you know."

"I didn't know," said she, secretly wondering how he had lost his money, for Mrs. Towers did not seem to her like the sort of person to have friends who sold pictures.

"But I'm glad I told him," she thought, as she bent over the violets. "It is so very, very hard to need money."

"And how do you like your situation?" he asked, watching the flying fingers with the calm serious eyes that seemed to see so much.

"Very much!" cried Flossie. "Only—Mrs. Towers is so visionary, you know, and sometimes she fancies I am a girl who died long ago, and again she thinks I am old like herself, and it really seems as if I were always walking in a dream."

"But she likes you?"

"Oh, yes, she likes me."

"And you?"

"I love her!" exclaimed Flossie, earnestly.

"But all the same, I am so very, very sorry for her. It is as if she were dead and buried, and had come back to life, like a ghost."

"Ah!" commented Marchlands. "But Mrs. Towers was always a good judge of character."

"Here she is now," said Flossie, with smiling eyes, but as the portiere was lifted she shrank back. It was Hilary Vaillant, who entered with blooming cheeks and eyes like deep blue stars.

"Why, Mr. Marchlands!" she cried. "You

here? When did you come? Miss Field," turning with a darkened brow to Flossie, "my grandmother wants you at once. We will excuse you."

Flossie rose with the vase of violets in her hand and left the room. But when she reached Mrs. Towers' luxuriant apartment, the old lady was still asleep, with Morris nodding over her knitting beside her.

"Mrs. Towers has not asked for me?" she whispered.

"No, miss," said Morris, laboring to pick up a dropped stitch. "She's sleeping like a baby."

Flossie sat down by the window and looked out toward the west, where the lace-like towers of the cathedral were outlined against the crimson sky.

"Why did Miss Vaillant send me away?" she asked herself. "Did I do anything wrong? I am sometimes careless and impulsive, I know, but what have I done that she should look so angry?"

Alas, poor Flossie, there were many of the world's hard lessons for her still to learn.

Nor was this the last rebuff she was compelled to endure. Apparently Hilary Vaillant had taken a dislike to her, nor was her mother much kinder. Mrs. Towers alone was her steady and constant friend, but in that family Mrs. Towers was the stronger element. It was her money that supplied the golden oil to lubricate the wheels of wealth, her will that dominated everything. But in spite of all her efforts, her young protegee was continually made to feel herself an intruder.

The next day Mr. Marchlands met her in the hall as she came in with some rare white roses, looking, as he thought, like a rose herself.

"I have been up to see Mrs. Towers," said he. "She is very dreary today."

"Oh, is it not a pity!" cried Flossie.

"I am not so sure of that. If we could all live in a world of our own creation, would it be so very bad?"

He bowed and passed through the door that Collins was holding open. Flossie ran upstairs.

"Oh, Mrs. Towers!" cried she. "They say you are so rich. I wish you would buy a picture from Mr. Marchlands."

"Why?" asked the old lady, sharply.

"To encourage him. To help him live."

Mrs. Towers lifted her brows. "Because, you know," supplemented Flossie, "I have been so poor myself, and indeed, madame, you don't know how cruel it is."

"Of course," said Mrs. Towers, "we can't know anything of other people's lives. But, my child," suddenly drifting to a new subject, "I wish you would get that poem of Macaulay's about—about Henry of Navarre and his white plumes, and read it to me. What a thing it would be to have lived in those days!"

So the weeks went on. Flossie and her mistress lived their curious double lives. Clement Mayne and Mr. Marchlands both came often to the house, and still Flossie's gentle heart ached on—for no one said a word about buying the poor artist's work.

"Oh, how I wish I were rich," Flossie thought. The continuation of this interesting serial will be published in the September number of COMFORT, and that you may not miss any chapters you should send in your subscription at once. 25c. for one full year, or 10c. for a special six months' subscription. See Special Coupon Subscription Offer on another page, this issue.

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### Summer Out-Door Life.



**THE** AMERICAN people do not live out of doors half so much as they should. Summer as well as Spring and Fall, they stay closely in their houses and miss the good they might have from the fresh air and the beauty of the earth. That is one reason the American women lose their good complexions at so early an age. They begin life as fresh colored girls, but by the time they have had two or three children and have kept house, cooked, washed and ironed for a few years, whatever bloom they once had is gone.

Of course, I do not mean to suggest that it is possible for a busy woman to turn her back on her work and wander the meadows and woods just because it happens to be beautiful weather. But I do believe that there are few women who could not once in a while make time to go out of doors for a day. I am very sure they would be the better for it. The American woman is altogether too unselfish. She is more than ready to give up her own pleasure for the sake of making the members of her family happy. She herself may not be able to find the time for an outing, but she will do extra work that her daughters may have the fun they wish.

While it is right that young things should have their time of play, there are some rights on the other side. The mother has no right to wear herself out in sacrifices for others. She owes it to them as well as to herself to keep young and strong as long as she can.

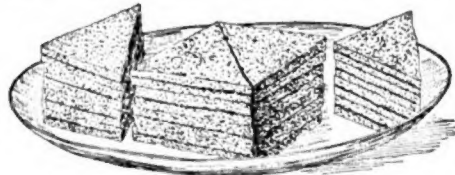
In order to bring about this state of affairs she should, as I have said, indulge herself occasionally in an outing. To do this the more satisfactorily, with no thought of undone work haunting her, it is well for her to take as many of the family as possible with her. In other words, to get up a family picnic.

I do not believe there was ever a family in which such festivities as this have been in order where they have not left a very happy memory. I recollect my own childish associations with such outings. One that was held every year took the shape of a blackberrying expedition to a certain plot of ground known as the "Big Piece." To get there was a good deal of an undertaking, for it was a long drive, but every year in blackberry time we went there, a big family party. We were supplied with pails and baskets in abundance, for one of the objects of the expedition was to gather enough berries to insure a winter supply of jam and jelly and canned berries for pie. We children worked hard and the grown-ups worked harder. But it was the sort of thing that did us all good. The hours in the free out doors, the change from the every-day routine, the meals eaten under the trees, the food that tasted so different from anything we had at home, all delighted and refreshed us.

As a matter of course, there is not on every farm a "Big Piece" to which one can plan a picnic party and it is not necessary that there should be some such enterprise in view. It does every one good once in a while to go for a day's holiday that has no object but amusement pure and simple. There are few neighborhoods where there is not some interesting spot to visit in which a day or part of a day can be spent with pleasure. And if a day is too much for the busy housekeeper to spare, an afternoon may be given from work and the family supper eaten out of doors for a change.

The thought of a picnic suggests extra and unusual toil to some people. Naturally, it means a little more work in one or two ways but it also means less in another. After any home party there is always the work of dish washing. There is none of this after a picnic. The little wooden plates in which butter is sent from the grocer's are better than any china for a picnic and the Japanese paper napkins that may be bought for almost nothing are cheaper than the napkins that must be washed after using.

The preparations for the picnic need not be very heavy. A picnic is one of the affairs to



BEEF SANDWICHES.

which people bring their appetites and there is not much trouble in coaxing them to eat. So the housekeeper need not put in much time worrying lest she may not have dainties that will tempt the members of the party.

There are many good things to eat to take to a picnic and they need be neither expensive nor fussy. Sandwiches, of course, are the great standby and they may be made of a variety of things. The good old ham sandwich has such a place in the affections of most people that it is not easy to supersede. If a little variety is desired it may be made by chopping the ham fine, softening it with a little butter, adding to it a suspicion of mustard and pepper and spreading this on slices of bread. Out of consideration for the tender tongues of the younger members of the party it is well to have some of the sandwiches without the mustard.

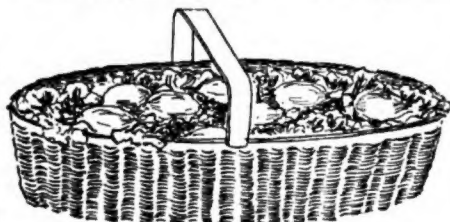
Sandwiches are good with the bread divided by a slice of the la mode beef for which a recipe was given in the last number of "Comfort." Cold roast beef or cold lamb or veal makes good sandwiches.

If one does not wish to rely wholly upon sandwiches for solids there are other things to take. Cold roast chicken, cut into joints that it may be more easily handled, is always popular at a picnic. Beef loaf is cheaper and very good. So is veal loaf. Hard boiled eggs come in well and if one is willing to take a little more trouble in the preparation, stuffed eggs may be made ready and are pretty sure to be liked by every one.

When it comes to sweets there is no difficulty in deciding upon what to take. Cake, of course, of any kind. Small saucer pies, doughnuts, turn-overs and the like suggest themselves at once. If fruit is needed there should be harvest apples and early pears, as well as the always useful bananas, of which one grows a little tired after a while.

One must not forget the things to drink. Lemonade, lemon and sugar mixed in jars before leaving home and the water added from a convenient well or spring; cold tea, for which it is better to take the sugar separately, since there are those who prefer it unsweetened, cold coffee, to which the cream or milk has been added while it was hot before it was boiled, are all welcome after a thirst-provoking walk or climb.

It is a great addition to the enjoyment of any picnic if it can be held in a place where it is possible to make a fire. That opens the way to a host of delightful things. Then it is possible



STUFFED EGGS.

to roast potatoes, sweet or white, in the ashes, to roast ears of corn impaled on the points of long rods, to heat the coffee that has been made at home, or even to have the joy of boiling a gypsy kettle and making the coffee or tea fresh on the spot.

As a matter of course, it is delightful if the picnic may be made to some place where there is something special to do. It need not be berry picking necessarily, or anything else that is useful. As I said before, it is once in a while an excellent thing to go off with nothing on hand but the business of enjoyment. But this is heightened if there is the possibility of fishing or of crabbing or of crab hunting, or anything else of the kind. Nothing else ever tastes as good as the fruits of one's own efforts in the shape of the fish fresh from the water cooked over the out-door fire and eaten straight from the coals.

I have spoken in large general terms of the number of things to eat that could be taken on a picnic but it is wise to exercise a little wisdom in choosing the various things that go to make up the bill of fare. It is true that one can eat out of doors without distress things that in doors at the regular table would provoke an indigestion, and even so it is not wise to tempt Providence too far. When simple sandwiches are taken and plain cake one may indulge in a few dainties that are less easy of digestion. But when rich cakes are taken one should be a little careful about pies and other items of the feast, and the things that are to be cooked at the picnic place should determine to a certain extent the nature of the other items of the bill of fare.

Not very much will be needed for the picnic basket in the way of table furniture besides the wooden plates and paper napkins of which mention has already been made. Drinking cups of some sort will be required and it is a pity there is no equivalent in this line to the light wooden plates. Tumblers are heavy to carry and it is perhaps better if one or two of the party have the collapsible traveling cups, to provide cups of agate ironware or even of tin for the rest of the number. A tablecloth to spread on the ground is desirable, and if there are elderly persons in the party there should be a shawl or two to spread on the ground for seats.

#### BEEF LOAF.

Chop coarsely a pound and a half of lean beef from the round and a couple of slices of fat salt pork. Add to this half a cupful of crushed cracker crumbs, an egg and a tablespoonful of butter. Season the mixture well with a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and with parsley, sweet marjoram, thyme and a dash of celery salt. Work all well together and pack into a mould that has been well buttered. A brown bread mould will answer very well. Cover the mould closely, put it in the oven in a pan of boiling water and cook an hour and a half. If the water boils away, fill it up. When done, put something flat on top of the meat in the mould, place a heavy weight on it and let the loaf get cold after this. It should stand overnight before turning out and should be sliced with a sharp knife.

#### STUFFED EGGS.

Boil eggs hard and cut them in two cross-wise. Take out the yolks and work them to a paste with melted butter and onion juice or a little chopped ham or tongue. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Put the yolks back into the halved whites, lay the two sides together and twist tissue paper about them, to keep the eggs in shape. In serving lay them in a basket on a bed of lettuce or cress.

#### ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

AN OLD BACHELOR.—I think it is very hard upon you to have to depend upon your own exertions

for bread and I am very glad to give you one of the simplest and surest recipes I know for "plain, common, ordinary, white, light, bread," such as you wish to know how to make.

Sift two quarts of good flour into a bowl with a teaspoonful of white sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Heat a pint of milk almost to scalding, stir into it a heaping tablespoon of butter and a pint of boiling water. When the mixture is lukewarm put in it four tablespoonfuls of yeast and stir into a hole made in the centre of the flour. Work this to a soft dough with a wooden spoon, then turn it on a bread board and knead it hard for ten minutes. Put it to rise in a warm corner for six hours. When it has risen enough it should be twice as large in bulk as it was when it was put to rise. Divide it into three equal parts, knead each for five minutes, put each portion into a bread pan and let them stand for an hour before baking. Try the oven by putting in a tiny ball of the dough. If it turns a pale yellow in from seven to ten minutes the oven is ready for baking. Do not open the oven door for fifteen minutes after the bread goes in. A good sized loaf should bake in about three quarters of an hour. The loaves should not be made too large.

For yeast, peel, quarter and boil six medium sized potatoes in two quarts of water. With them put a handful of dried hops tied up in a bit of mosquito netting. The water should be cold when they go in and come quickly to a boil. When the potatoes are cooked soft and begin to break, drain them in a colander, putting the hops and water back over the fire. Rub the potatoes through a colander and while they are still hot work into them two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and four tablespoonfuls of flour, moistening them with the hop water left on the fire. Squeeze the hop bag over the mixture so as to get out all the strength of the hops. Let all become about blood warm and add to it four tablespoonfuls of good yeast or a yeast cake dissolved in warm water. Put all into an open jar with a wide mouth and leave it in a warm place to work. As soon as the bubbles cease to rise to the surface put it in bottles, cork tightly and keep in a cool place.

Mrs. G. H. H., Toledo, Ohio.—I am very sorry that it is too late for a recipe for canning asparagus to be of any service to you this season. You must recollect that the paper goes to press some time before it is published. If you would like me to give you a recipe you can keep for next year, let me know and I will publish it later.

A. W. Z., Munson, Pa.—We do not publish recipes or other matter in German in the columns of Comfort. I am sorry we cannot oblige you, but most of our readers are English speaking people and it would hardly be worth while to answer questions in another language.

ELLIE L. R., Gala, Va.—It gives me pleasure to publish for your benefit a good old Virginia recipe for tomato soy, made of green tomatoes. Virginia is the country of good cookery and I feel flattered that any one from there should ask me for a recipe.

#### TOMATO SOY.

Slice four quarts of green tomatoes and six good sized onions. Put with them a pound of sugar, a quart of vinegar, half a tablespoonful each of allspice and cloves, and a tablespoonful each of ground black pepper, ground mustard and salt and place all on the fire in a preserving kettle. Stew until tender, stirring it often, take from the fire, put in jars and seal. Keep a month before using.

You ask also for a recipe for tomato catsup. The following is good:

#### TOMATO CATSUP.

Boil together a peck of ripe tomatoes and four large onions, slicing these. When they are soft put them through a colander, strain the liquid through a fine sieve and put it back on the fire with half a tablespoonful of grated garlic, two bay leaves, a dozen sprigs of parsley, a tablespoonful each of salt, sugar, ground cloves, black pepper and mustard, a scant teaspoonful of red pepper, and a tablespoonful of celery seed, tied up in a muslin bag. Boil five hours, stirring from the bottom often. By the end of this time the liquid should be reduced one half and be quite thick. Take out the celery seed and add a pint of vinegar. Bottle when cold.

One more recipe you ask for, that for

#### CORN PUDDING.

Shave the kernels from six good sized ears of boiled green corn. Rub together a tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, add a beaten egg and two cupfuls of milk. Stir into this the shaved corn, add a scant teaspoonful of salt, and turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake to a light brown.

Mrs. M. J. N., Norcross, Ga.—You ask about dried mushrooms. They must be picked over very carefully, to see that there are no worm eaten or decayed parts about them. Then put them in a pan of water and soak them for some time. They should be laid in cold water. When they are plumped they may be dried on a cloth and used for stewing or sauce or seasoning. They cannot be broiled like fresh mushrooms.

Mrs. J. A., Kansas City, sends so nice a letter that I wish I had room to put it all in. But the table for the use of those canning fruit is too useful to be left out. She gives it as follows:

In canning cherries allow 5 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For raspberries allow 6 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For blackberries allow 8 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For strawberries allow 8 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For plums allow 10 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For sliced pie plant allow 10 minutes to the quart and 10 ounces sugar.  
For small pears, whole, allow 30 minutes to the quart and 6 ounces sugar.  
For large pears, halved, allow 20 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For peaches, whole, allow 15 minutes to the quart and 6 ounces sugar.  
For crab apples, whole, allow 25 minutes to the quart and 10 ounces sugar.  
For sour apples, quartered, allow 10 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.  
For ripe currants allow 6 minutes to the quart and 10 ounces sugar.  
For sour grapes allow 10 minutes to the quart and 10 ounces sugar.  
For sweet grapes allow 10 minutes to the quart and 8 ounces sugar.

The same writer asks for directions for preparing water cress. This is served as a salad with a French dressing of salt, pepper, oil and vinegar. It is much used as a garnish for hot roast or cold meats.

The queries of A. E. L., Covelo, California, are too numerous to be answered this month. I will reply to some of them in next month's COMFORT.

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Josephine, Harps, Pa.—We have no book on etiquette. Prices for these books, of which there are many, vary, and you had best consult some one in your town who sells books. Or write to the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Reader, Primus, S. C.—Write to Miss Dorothy Simonson, 254 West 24th Street, New York City, enclosing postage for reply. All the schools are closed now until September.

Sweet Violet, Pella, Iowa.—It is the gentleman's place to carry the lady's wrap, and help her to put it on, either at church or elsewhere. She should take it herself when they sit down, unless he finds a place for it. The gentleman should be able to put on his own overcoat without the lady's assistance.

Green Horn, Blackstone, Va.—It is not the custom in this country to ask the parents' privilege to call on a young lady, she being supposed to exercise her own judgment. But it is customary to ask her parents, or one of them, or her guardian, for her in marriage. Usually her consent is gained first, though it is not so in France, England and other foreign countries.

Bell, Green Fields, Ont.—The best occupation for a lady is that for which she is best adapted by ability and taste. (2) Answers to congratulations of any kind are not arbitrary. Thank those congratulating you, in any words you think appropriate. (3) A teacher might without impropriety "escort one of his scholars around during term time," but it would be better for all concerned if he did not.

Violet, Colina, Va.—A girl should not receive the regular attention of men before she is twenty, but most of them do. There is no fixed time for such attention. (2) If the man does not ask you for your love do not, under any circumstances, offer it to him. (3) Since you obey your parents in refusing the attention of a man you like, you might disobey them in accepting those of a man you dislike. If you refuse one, refuse both.

Marguerite, Presque Isle, Me.—It is best not to have too great a difference in the ages of man and wife, but very many happy marriages are known where there was a great difference. Many young men have happily married women much older than themselves. (2) A girl might wear a button picture of the man to whom she was engaged, but she would not be talked about, I fancy, if she did not. It is largely a matter of taste, and too much publicity is bad taste.

Glady, Kimmud, Ills.—As your step brother is not a blood kinsman it is just as well not to permit his kissing you, except of course, you are separated for some time, or returning after a long absence. Kiss him only as you would your own brother. (2) A girl of fourteen may accept an escort when it is necessary, not as a young lady would, however. (3) No.

Blue Eyes, Pleasant Hills, Ohio.—It is not "manly" to ask a fellow to take a buggy-ride with him. You should be able to answer your other questions yourself. Ask your teacher.

Flossie, Salem, S. D.—Girls of sixteen should wear their hair up, though they do not always. Some begin at fourteen, if they want to. (2) Evening party dresses are usually of some light color, although any color may be worn. (3) It depends upon what the young lady says as to how often a young man living thirty-five miles away may call. There is no rule in the books for that.

Holly Oaks, Sims, Ills.—Determine for yourself how you should wear your hair most becomingly, whether just the style or not. You are not compelled to follow the fashion in all things. (2) Never. (3) A girl of fifteen who is five feet ten inches tall, should wear her dresses full length, or very nearly so.

Twin Sisters, Pelican Landing, Minn.—A lady may take the gentleman's arm without asking for it. He should offer it, however, if there is need. The taking of arms is not as frequent now as it once was. (2) Yes, if he is a nice young man, (3) No. (4) If the young man is inattentive during the dance, to which he has taken you, you should ask him to apologize, and then not give him another opportunity to treat you so.

Lucy P., Petersburg, Ind.—We do not know the recipe for elderblossoms and cucumbers, for freckles. If any COMFORT reader knows it, we should be glad to have it.

R. E., Peru, Ia.—The gentleman should tie his team and escort the young lady to the front door, unless she insists he should not go to the trouble. (2) The gentleman should be as polite to his sister at a party as he would be to any other lady. A man who treats his sister rudely will treat his wife likewise.

Constant Reader, Farmer City, Ills.—Make any reply you think fit and which shows your appreciation. There is no form for that. (2) The man usually asks the blessing, but some women do. There are no particular words to be said. It should be brief and comprehensive. (3) The custom is not to fold your napkin when you are a guest. At your own table you may, as rings are usually provided, and fresh napkins are not furnished with every meal.

Della, Elverton, Pa.—You are a brunette. (2) You can wear any color, if you choose the less pronounced kinds. Light blue, pink, light green, in fact any tints.

Tipsey, Malvern, Iowa.—The prevailing color in parasols this season is green, though white parasols are much in evidence. (2) Begin the letter to the young man: "My dear Mr.," and end it "Most Cordially," or "Most Sincerely." (3) Talking over a telephone to a young man would hardly be considered an introduction. Something more formal is required. (4) A girl of fifteen may go to a girls' party. (5) Young ladies of seventeen in long dresses should wear their hair up. (6) When dressed kid gloves become dry and hard it is a sign of bad material, and the best thing to do is to get a new pair of better.

Girl Graduate, Bangor, Wis.—We do not know any recipe to remove "grasshopper stains" from white silk. We do not know what "grasshopper stains" are. (2) A good and simple remedy for blackheads is to press them out and bathe the spots with cologne water. Eat less rich food and take plenty of exercise in the open air as a preventive.

White Rose, Central, N. M.—The rules of etiquette do not prescribe what a lady should say when she receives an engagement ring. She certainly should not say she did not want it. (2) Introduce your "fellow" to your visitor, Miss Jones, saying: "Miss Jones, this is Mr. B.," or: "Miss Jones, let me introduce Mr. B.," in passing let me say, dear cousin, that you should not call the young man your "fellow," when referring to him as you did in your question to me, or otherwise. You might say your friend, but a better way is to mention him by name. (3) Engaged couples may sit in each other's laps if they please, but not if unengaged.

Peggy, Middle Inlet, Wis.—"R. S. V. P." or a better form: "R. s. v. p.," means on a note of invitation, "Please answer." It is an abbreviation of the French "Repondez s'il vous plait." "Reply if you please." (2) Girls of fifteen should not enter society.

E. D. Lester, Ohio.—Your letter was received too late for reply. We cannot, however, undertake to answer letters by mail, as a rule.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C, 34 Monroe St., Chicago.





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The opening chapter of this intensely interesting story appeared in May Comfort. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing two cents to Comfort, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Caleb Brett, an aged and prominent citizen of Mansfield village, drew a considerable sum of money from the local savings bank on a certain forenoon and was seen to enter Purinton's mill located near the edge of the village. He did not reappear and later a searching party found his old beaver hat on a slab pile at the foot of a sluice leading from the upper part of the mill. It was considered probable that the old man had come to his death by falling down the sluice. The strange part of the affair was that his body had been removed by parties unknown—admitting the premise that he was really dead. Several persons, his nephew, George Brett, with whom he had been having trouble about the young man's proposed marriage, Arthur Wing, the village printer and an obnoxious suitor for the old man's grand-daughter, Daniel Purinton, owner of the mill and an intending borrower from Brett, were known to have been in or about the mill at the time of the old man's disappearance. After some weeks the sheriff of the county, angered by George Brett's stubbornness and influenced by certain suspicious circumstances in his statements, arrested the young man. At about the same time state detectives, rivals of the county officers, arrested Arthur Wing.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### "I AM ALIVE. Y'RS RESPT'Y—CALEB BRETT."

THE arrest of George Brett, charged with the killing of his uncle, had attained an element of grim humor due to the excitement under which the sheriff was laboring. But the arrest of Arthur Wing for the same crime was cruelly serious. It came about under the following circumstances:

On the afternoon that Detective Ordwell and the sheriff had paid their visit to George Brett with the result that has been related, the two state detectives who had been working on the Brett case were holding a conference in their room at the boarding-house in Mansfield village. With them was a newspaper reporter who during his stay in town had been able to form a close intimacy with George Brett by catering to the latter's convivial tastes.

"I believe that George Brett has told me as much as he has told anyone," the reporter was telling the detectives. "He's a fellow that you can get near to when you tackle his whiskey streak. I told him long ago that I was in with you fellows against the county officers and Ordwell. And lately he has been loosening up. He swears that he didn't hurt the old man, himself, though when he gets well edged up he admits that the fact that old Brett has slid out has been a wonderful help. George owns up that he must have been in the mill when the Squire came in. But he says he must have been down stairs looking for him—that is, he supposes he was at the time. He heard a noise that he couldn't understand very well at the moment and when he came up, he says, there was Arthur Wing on the top floor. George says Wing sort of jumped and looked surprised to see him coming up from down below. He hints to me that the queer noise he heard was probably his uncle's body sliding down the sluice."

"You can't build much of a case on guesswork," said the shorter of the two detectives. "Young Brett may be telling the truth, but considering the position he holds in the case his testimony won't go very far with a jury. We need something clinching before we shall even dare to make an arrest."

Deputy Sheriff Jason Dustin who came pudg-ing up the walk just then didn't look very clinching and the detectives who saw him from their window didn't welcome his arrival.

"Here comes that old fool of a Dustin again," said one of the officers. "He wants to tell us how much he hates Sheriff Pettingill and to ask us how much we've found out."

But when Jason burst in on the frigid group it was plain to be seen that something out of the ordinary had come his way.

"Are you fellows still buckin' Hi. Pettin-gill?" he asked.

"Mostly," admitted one of the detectives un-graciously.

"Then ye sort of figger it's Wing, hey?"

"Uh!" grunted the tall detective.

"What if I kin help ye?" Jason leaned for-ward and his jaws worked excitedly.

"Donno as I'd put myself out if I were you," said the tall detective dryly. "Guess we're gettin' most of the juice out of the case on our book."

"You don't know what I mean, gents. What if I've dockments?" Jason's little eyes gleamed with excitement.

"Open up and tell us what you are drivin' at," snapped the short detective. "It's too hot today to guess conundrums."

"I'll tell ye right straight out that I don't propose to give ye this thing for nothin'. It's got to be a fair divide on the reward."

"We don't propose to buy anything till we see what we're buyin'," declared the officer.

"I could scoop this case and the reward my-self with the thing I've got," said Jason, "but there's reasons why I don't want to."

"Now look here, Dustin," said one of the de-tectives, "we don't care to hear over again the story about how Sheriff Pettingill has been rubbin' it into you."

"Wal, ye know he and the county attorney have been doin' it ever since this case started," protested Dustin. "I wouldn't give 'em a piece of testimony to save their souls from tophet. But if I don't give this to them, Hi. Pettin-gill won't reappoint me deputy after his re-election. He's bound to be next sheriff. I'd rather be deputy for another few years than get the re-ward. But I want to share with ye."

"If you've got anything worth payin' for you'll find us square," said the officer im-patiently. "Hurry up and get it out of you."

"Ye all understand that ye hain't to tell that I found it," said Dustin. "Ye're to make be-lieve ye found it yourselves and then Pettin-gill won't lay it up ag'in me because I didn't turn it over to him."

"Yes, that's all right, but what in the name of blazes have you got?"

Dustin slowly drew a big flat wallet from his inside pocket and from a compartment took a folded paper. "Found that on the floor of the Mirror office not an hour ago," he said. "I was in there waitin' for a paper to be struck off and Arthur Wing was workin' at the desk. He pushed some papers around and several things dropped on the floor. I reached over and picked 'em up 'cause he was busy and of course I looked to see if they were important enough for him to save 'em. I wasn't pryin', ye under-stand. Wal, this 'ere paper was one of 'em."

Dustin passed it over to the tall detective who studied it with deep interest dawning in his features.

"You say that dropped from among Arthur Wing's papers on his desk?" demanded the officer.

"That's what it did."

The detective arose quickly, slapped on his hat and said to the group, "Come with me." At the door of the Mansfield bank he halted his retinue a moment while he paid a hurried visit to the treasurer. Then he led the party to the office of the Mansfield Mirror.

"Are the papers out yet, Mr. Wing?" asked the tall detective as the arrivals ranged them-selves around the room.

"I am just reading the last proofs," said the young man. "If you will wait a few minutes the papers will be ready."

"We'll wait," said the detective. Then after a pause he stooped forward suddenly and pretended to pick up a paper from the floor.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wing," he said, "but here seems to be something worth saving." As if by accident he unfolded the paper. Then he started back and began to examine it. All those in the room looked at him intently.

Then clenching the paper in his hand he said, "All of you stay just where you are." He hastened from the office and disappeared in the doorway of the bank. He remained out of sight on the stairs a moment and then re-turned. Now he walked straight up to Arthur Wing and held the paper so the young man might regard it.

"Mr. Wing," said he, "the fact that you were in the mill when Mr. Brett disappeared may not be evidence that you were concerned in his taking off. The fact that you have recently paid off the mortgage on this newspaper plant and refuse to tell where you got the money may be your own business. But how do you account for the fact that I have just picked up from the floor of your office a note running to Caleb Brett from John Bates—a note that the treasurer of the bank says he saw the Squire take away in his wallet the day he disappeared?"

Young Wing's face was white but he said quite steadily, "I certainly cannot account for the paper being found here. I never saw it be-fore."

"As to that, Mr. Wing, we have simply your word against the fact that the paper has been found practically in your possession. Under the circumstances I feel it my duty to arrest you as one having guilty knowledge of the death of Caleb Brett and holding possession of prop-erty known to have been on the body of the deceased."

The detective had raised his voice and at the sound old Meander Wing had shambled in his slapping slippers from the inner room. He held a printer's job stick in his hand.

"What are they trying to do to you, bub?" he stammered.

"They've arrested me, father. They say I killed Caleb Brett." The young man fairly reeled to his father and grasped his hands. And then despite despairing protests Wing was taken away to the village tavern and confined in a room with the detectives standing guard. They told him that he might have a trial be-fore a local trial justice the next day, if he de-manded it.

The officers allowed the young man to receive no one except his father. They had not the heart to refuse him admittance. The two talked till late into the night but the son could throw no light on how that fatal paper hap-pened to be found on the floor of the Mirror office. "I realize in what a position this thing puts me," said the young man gloomily. "I paid the mortgage and I have told no one, not even you, where I obtained the money. But I gave my solemn word not to tell. I will not break my promise. And now this matter of the note from the Squire's pocket-book comes up. It looks bad against me, doesn't it, father?"

"You ain't guilty, my boy—nothing could convince me of that," said the old man, "but it's goin' to be hard to make outsiders believe you are all right unless you tell all you know. Hadn't you better say where you got the money to settle the mortgage?"

"I can't break my promise, father," said the young man.

"Well, no matter what anyone or everyone else may think," said the old man when he parted from his son, "you've got your old dad behind you through it all. I'm not so smart as I used to be and perhaps I'm not much of a match for those shrewd city detectives that are trying to put you behind bars, but if you're innocent, my boy, and before God I believe you are, I'll beat 'em, for an old father's love will dig deeper than the hate of enemies."

And yet another love sought Arthur Wing that night and had been turned away. Grace Erskine, veiled heavily, had come to the hotel and asked to see the prisoner. But the de-tectives turned her away. The detectives knew that Grace and her mother were deeply hostile to George Brett on account of their money and family disagreements and they feared plots, even from the squire's relatives.

That night the two officers slept on cots in the room that young Wing occupied. Twice they attempted to coax a partial confession from him. They insinuated that perhaps he might have dodged from a blow of the old man's cane and that the Squire had tripped at the edge of the sluice. They urged him to admit that the old man had fallen by accident, assur-ing him that they would assist him in his story, for they only cared to gain the reward that had

been offered by the town and the family. But Wing indignantly resented their suggestions and went to sleep.

In the morning Wing demanded a prompt hearing and at ten o'clock he was conveyed to the town hall. The local trial justice conducted the hearing, which was admittedly only for the purpose of ascertaining if there were sufficient grounds on which to bind Wing over to await the fall term of the supreme court.

George Brett was in one of the front seats in the hall. He was supercilious and at ease, ap-parently. The sheriff, after sleeping on the matter, and hearing the nature of the evidence that his rivals had dug up, feared the effect on his candidacy that would be produced should he continue to press the charge of murder against one so prominent in town as George Brett. Brett had therefore been released under nominal bonds to appear as witness.

The local lawyers offered to take Wing's case but he refused counsel. "I am going into that hearing as an innocent man," he declared. "I don't believe any justice can hold me on the evidence that will be presented. I don't want to complicate my case by legal shifts. I want everything free and open."

And yet, as Wing viewed the crowded hall and gazed into the faces of his townsmen, he knew that he must appear to them in a singu-lar light, as he pondered on that matter of the paper from the Squire's pocket-book. His heart throbbled as his searching eyes sought out Grace Erskine sitting in the space reserved for witnesses.

The county attorney brought out the fact from his witnesses that Wing and the Squire had had words on the morning of the fatal day, that Wing had been seen to follow the old man to the mill and then returning soon after had stopped and washed his hands at the brook.

George Brett described how he had arrived at the mill before his uncle and then later had found Wing standing alone at the head of the sluice. He mentioned the fact that he had heard a strange sound while he had been in the lower part of the mill and attempted to say that he believed that the sound was the fall of his uncle's body in the sluice. But the justice checked that statement, stating that it was his duty to protect the position of the prisoner from insinuations.

"What you know, sir, and that only," he said to Brett.

But as Brett went on with his statements it was evident that his malicious suggestions were having their effect on a considerable portion of the audience.

Then there followed the more sensational testimony of the finding of the scrap of paper on the floor of the sanctum of the Mirror office. The treasurer of the bank swore that he had seen the Squire place that note in his pocket-book on the day of his disappearance. The treasurer also stated that the mortgage on the newspaper plant had been discharged a few weeks before, Arthur Wing paying the debt in full.

After the county attorney had held a whis-pered conference with the justice the latter looked over his spectacles rather kindly at Wing and told him that he would not be re-quired to take the stand unless he cared to do so.

"I wish to do as you think best," said the young man.

"I have no suggestions to make," returned the justice. "Of course the entire object of this hearing is to clear up this mystery. If you can shed any light on it or can say anything to clear yourself we shall be glad to hear from you."

The prisoner arose and declared that he was ready to answer any questions to the best of his ability. "I don't wish to stand behind any quibble of the law, and being an innocent man I don't see how questions can injure my case."

His apparent candor was greeted with a mur-mur of applause. The county attorney eyed him for a moment and then asked bluntly:

"In what manner do you think that paper could have come on the floor of your office?"

"I don't know sir."

"Did Squire Brett open his pocket-book that day in your place?"

"I think not."

"You are answering my questions to the best of your ability, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are ready to answer all questions?"

"I am."

"Then where did you get that thousand dol-lars, or over, with which you paid the debt on your newspaper plant?"

The query came like a stone from a sling and the young man grew pale. His lips worked. At last he said slowly and with manifest em-barrassment, "I am under a pledge not to tell."

"You understand that Squire Brett had a large sum of money on his person when he dis-appeared, do you not?"

"I do."

"You see where your refusal to answer a question of this sort places you in the eyes of the law?"

"I do. But it is a private matter between myself and another and I have no information to give."

"That is both arrant nonsense and contempt of court, your honor," snapped the county at-torney.

A rustle went over the room and the listeners felt that the young man was seriously prejudic-ing his case. The justice looked at Wing a mo-ment and then with some impatience said, "You can either answer the question, sir, or go to jail for contempt."

Suddenly there was a stir in the direction of the witness seat and Grace Erskine was seen to rise. Her face was crimson but her voice was firm.

"I loaned Mr. Wing that money," she said. "As I thought my act would be misconstrued by the public under the existing circumstances I asked him to keep the matter quiet. I will say now—the girl seemed to gain courage and looked around proudly—that Mr. Wing at first refused to accept the loan, but I insisted because I felt that the foreclosure proceedings were unjustly instituted and ordered by my grandfather and that his family ought to right the wrong."

The faces in the court room expressed as-tonishment and there were some very signifi-cant smirks and winks. That there was an at-tachment between the young people was well known in the community but no one had sup-posed that Grace would thus nullify the intent of her grandfather. In the buzz that followed the girl's spirited statement the county at-torney asked for a short recess and it was granted.

When the session had been resumed the county attorney separated from the treasurer of the savings bank with whom he had been holding a whispered conference. "Your honor,"

said the lawyer, "the state, under the circum-stances, will be obliged to put in a little more testimony than it intended. I will now call to the stand once more Treasurer Brackett of the savings bank."

"Mr. Brackett, when Arthur Wing settled the mortgage and paid the interest and charges did you happen to note especially one ten dol-lar bill that he passed to you?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"It had been torn across at one time and had court plaster pasted on it to mend it."

"Why did you especially note this mending?"

"Because I recognized it as some that I had done myself."

"When?"

"On the morning of the 24th of June last."

"Relate the circumstances, please."

"Squire Brett pulled the bill out of his pocket and asked me to mend it. Then he put it back into his wallet and started out."

"That was the morning of his disappear-ance, was it not?"

"It was."

"Have you the bill in your possession?"

"I have." The treasurer produced the bank-note.

"You will swear, will you not, that to your best knowledge and belief this bill is the one that you mended?"

"I will. The bill was torn peculiarly and I distinctly recollect it."

The bank note was passed to the justice for inspection and the lawyer arose and made a brief argument. He said that he did not wish to impugn the testimony of Miss Erskine, even though she might possibly be a prejudiced wit-ness. But he delicately hinted at the existence of troubles between George Brett and his female relatives, and that since the marriage of the young man and after his demands for money these troubles had been aggravated. "And you know to what length money matters and family troubles will drive respectable people," he added.

"I will not discuss this phase of the case at length now," he said, "but I simply draw your attention to the fact that there may be reasons why Miss Erskine's statements are not to be considered as conclusive. Affairs of the heart, you know, prey upon the motives of the best of us." The girl's face was crimson and Arthur Wing seemed about to rise and make indignant protest. But the sheriff waved a monitory fin-ger. "And here is this evidence of the treas-urer of the savings bank—a bit of evidence that I did not at first intend to produce at this pre-liminary hearing. Now, your honor, under the circumstances, I can do nothing else than ask that the respondent be committed without bail to await the action of the grand jury at the September term of court."

While the county attorney had been talking, a ragged and small boy had been edging his way up the crowded aisle toward the table of the justice. In spite of muttered protests and of frowns he kept on till he had laid a folded paper in the hand of the judge. An exclamation from the magistrate interrupted the attorney. His honor had opened the paper and scrutin-ized it. The boy was about to hasten away but the justice put out a detaining hand.

"Where did you get that paper, bub?" he asked.

"Up in the woods."

"Up in the woods? Who gave it to you?"

"A man."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"I don't know. I didn't look at him very hard. He had false whiskers on and I was scared. He said a feller was bein' tried down here for suthin' he hadn't done and told me to give that paper to the judge."

All this conversation was carried on in low tones and the spectators got little idea of what was going on.

The justice beckoned the county attorney to his table. "Look at this," said the magistrate. "What in time does it mean?"

On the paper, scrawled in an irregular hand, were these words:—

"Mr. J. Benson, Justice:—I am alive and you will hear from me later. No need to make talk about this. Nobody killed me. Make no more trouble for anybody. This was written for me by a friend but I sign my name so that you can see that it is all right. Y'rs respt'y, Caleb Brett."

"That signature is Caleb's all right," allowed the attorney, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "But what—"

He looked at the justice with bewildered stare and the justice stared back at him. The spectators in the court room stared at the two. The matter was too big to keep silent. In five minutes the report had buzzed all over the court room that Caleb Brett had written a let-ter to say that he was still alive. The intensely interesting solution of this fascinating story can only be solved by at once sending your subscription to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, or renewing your subscription now either for six or twelve months, you can keep in touch with all of the good things being added to COMFORT from month to month. Don't fail to at least take advantage of the special six months' coupon offer on another page, as all old subscrip-tions are now promptly removed on expiration.

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## The Driggston Tragedy.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY C. E. BARNES.

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"GENTLEMEN, have you agreed on a verdict?"

The silence of the Court-room on that closing hour of the day was intense. It was as if the whole world had stopped moving in suspense, listening to the lanky miner, the foreman of the jury, who strained up from his chair, his face drawn and the red shock of hair gleaming above a brow of ashen pallor. "We have," he said solemnly.

"Guilty or not guilty, according to the evidence?"

"Guilty of murder in the first degree."

The effect of this announcement was electric. A suppressed murmur ran around the court-room, accentuated by a sob. The prisoner at the bar—a young man of two and twenty, with a straight figure and head thrown back in an attitude of almost challenging defiance, sank into his chair in a state of collapse, covered his face in his hands for a single instant, then threw himself into a stolid pose, clenching his hands and gazing blankly into the faces of the half-pitying, half-accusing spectators.

The strain was broken by the voice of the grave magistrate. "The prisoner will please rise," he said without harshness.

The convicted man worried his way out of his seat with difficulty, trembling. "Judson Peck," said his Honor, his voice gathering solemnity as it proceeded, "you have been accused of murder, been tried by a jury of your peers, and found guilty of the hideous crime with which you were charged. In cold blood you foully murdered the father of the young woman whose hand you had asked in marriage, and all because he did not find in you an acceptable son-in-law. On the twenty-fourth of May last you visited Israel Bent in his own home for the purpose of pleading for the last time for the hand of his daughter. You found the old man lying upon the couch. Your coming roused him. A violent quarrel ensued. You went away dejected, only to return. You found your victim asleep. Taking the old flintlock from the pegs over the fireplace, you deliberately shot through the heart the man who refused you the hand of his daughter, his only child. Then with deliberation that equalled your cunning, you replaced the weapon on the wall and sauntered away to await the discovery of your crime.

"Upon the evidence submitted, sir, I do not see how a fair and impartial jury could bring in any other verdict. The motive for the crime was fully established. While the actual shot was not heard nor the actual deed witnessed, your coming and going were accurately noted, and your return to the house of your victim the second time has not been explained. You have been tried and convicted, and it remains for me to do my duty as administrator of the law. What have you to say why sentences should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner parted his lips as if to speak, his hands thrown wide as in act of resignation. "What can I say that I have not already said?" he faltered at last. "I swear before Heaven that I was not even in the house of Israel Bent when he was killed. I did not fire the shot. I did not hear the shot fired, and I know of no human being who could have committed the crime. At the hour that Israel Bent was killed I was miles away."

"We have gone all through that evidence long since," said his Honor with a wave of the hand. "You have been tried, convicted and are now to be condemned. In order to give you time to meet your Maker, I will not be in any undue haste. By virtue of the authority vested in me as chief magistrate of this court, I hereby sentence you to be put to death in a manner prescribed by law, on the morning of the ninth of October next, and may God have mercy on your soul."

"Stop—wait! One moment, Judge!"

It was a woman's cry in the solemn silence as a frail figure with eyes burning bright and white hands waving frantically, struggled through the jam as a swimmer plunges through the breakers. A discordant buzz ran through the throng. The judge looked deadly solemn as the fair intruder advanced. It looked as if there was to be a severe rebuke, but his eyes softened as he said calmly, "What is it, Miss Margie?"

"It is all a mistake, your honor, on my life it is."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Judson did not kill my father. It was a celestial homicide."

"A what?" The magistrate looked dumfounded. The jury winced.

"Celestial homicide, your honor. Suspend sentence, your honor, I pray you. I will prove it all—believe me—"

The judge sat dumfounded.

"I cannot do it here, nor today, your honor. Tomorrow, at two o'clock, in the very spot where my father was found dead, with a bullet through his heart, I will prove to you and to the jury that Judson Peck did not kill him. I have spent night and day over the problem. Only believe me, and I will make it all clear to you. Will you not suspend sentence, Judge, when the life of an innocent man depends upon it?" The words were now melting with pity and pleading.

"It is most extraordinary," answered the magistrate after a deep pause during which he seemed hesitating between fining the interrupter of the court proceedings for contempt, and acceding to her wishes. "But in order that there might not be the slightest danger of hanging an innocent man, in spite of the fact that an intelligent jury has rendered an adverse verdict on the evidence presented, I am constrained to suspend sentence until tomorrow that the Court may give the daughter of the late Israel Bent an opportunity to prove her astounding theory. The Court will now adjourn, the court to convene promptly at the hour of two p. m., tomorrow, at the house of the late Israel Bent."

"Your honor, I thank you!" The words were cried out in an agony of gratitude, but they were scarcely heard in the uproar that followed the ruling of the magistrate who gathered up his documents and hurriedly left

the chamber by a rear exit as one who had completed a miserable piece of business.

The prisoner sat rigid and very pale, following with his blinking eyes the lithe figure waving toward him a triumphant gesture of renewing hope and comfort as she disappeared through the applauding crowds. Then he sank back in a state of semi-collapse, murmuring not so softly that his nearer jailers did not hear, "She is mad—on my life Margie Bent has gone stark mad!" Then he relapsed into his usual stolid reserve.

As ordered by the court, the honorable jury, the counsel for both prosecution and defence, together with the stern judge himself, gathered at the appointed time in the little chamber on the first floor of the Bent homestead, semi-circled about the very couch where the late Israel Bent breathed his last. Margie too was there, and there was a look of unspeakable confidence in the maidenly face which shone indeed like something fairly inspired. Court being formally opened in this most informal courtroom, the young lady was sworn and asked to give her testimony which she did after the manner of Portia of old.

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," she began in a voice somewhat faltering from emotion rather than fear for her cause, "you have tried and found guilty one Judson Peck for the murder of my father. You have heard witnesses swear that Judson Peck was the last man to see my father alive, that he left the house in great anger, returning again, only to leave the second time a little before the discovery of the crime. You also see hanging over the chimney place yonder the very old flintlock with which the alleged crime was committed, and yonder the couch upon which my father was sleeping, as was his usual wont at that hour of the day, when the fatal bullet entered his heart."

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, I beg you to step forward here and draw bead across the sights of that old flintlock as it hangs there and tell me if it is not true that a bullet fired from the weapon in its present position would penetrate the couch on the opposite side of the room at a point about the region of a man's heart were he lying there on the pillows at this very moment?"

One after another the jurymen filed up, and with a squint of the eye along the long barrel, admitted the allegation. The judge nodded. "Proceed," he commanded.

"Now, gentlemen," contended the pleader, "having seen that the old colonial relic might have committed murder had it been fired by spontaneous combustion or from any other cause, let me proceed to call your attention to another significant fact. In yonder west window, at direct right angles with the fireplace and but a few feet or two from the weapon, you observe there hangs an aquarium. It has hung there for years, filled with water, in which crystal globe there are two gold fish swimming. Behold, gentlemen, as I lift the curtain, the sunbeams through the panes. They fall directly upon this globe, transforming it into a burning glass of great power. Do you see that tiny white spot of burning brightness? That, gentlemen, is the focal point at which the sun's rays all concentrated after traversing the crystal contents of the globe. But, you also observe, the imaginary path of that little bright and burning point falls three inches forward of the flashpan of the old flintlock. Well, the fierce vernal sun, in its movement to the southward, has marked each day an imaginary line across the old flintlock at a point one-nineteenth of an inch forward. Now, reckoning the exact time which has elapsed since the murder, the flashpan would be brought directly under the rays of the sun by moving the gun corresponding three inches and a quarter ahead. Gentlemen of the jury, I will now move the weapon forward that exact distance, sprinkle a little powder in the flash-pan, and I beg you note the result."

The judge stood back and the jury crowded to the rear corner with murmurings. Mounting a chair, the intrepid pleader suited the deed to the argument, sprinkled a few grains of black in the flashpan, then leaped down and drove her white finger-tips into her ears. She was none too soon. Through the thrilling silence there sounded a report that shook the walls, followed by a score of shrill cries of consternation and applause, and when the smoke cleared away, the learned judge was seen thrusting his finger into the newly made button hole in the center of the couch where the late Israel Bent so mysteriously passed away.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he instructed with great solemnity, "this is the most convincing as well as astounding demonstration I have ever witnessed. The reasonable doubt is more than established. In view of the new light shed upon what appears to be indeed a celestial homicide, I am compelled to ask you to reconsider your verdict. Will you please retire to the other chamber yonder and proceed to another ballot."

The jury filed out, returning within three minutes with a verdict of "Not guilty." "Mr.

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Warden," said the judge, "you are commanded to return to the jail and release the prisoner charged with the murder of Israel Bent—the man who owes his life to one of the most remarkable refutations of the theory of circumstantial evidence ever presented to a jury. Miss Margie, I congratulate you. You have won the admiration of the Court, and as a reward I trust that you will win back to your heart the man you have so ably defended." Then the solemn magistrate took the fluttering creature in his arms and kissed her, whereupon, releasing her, she fled with eyes tearful with joy like a spirit through the open door, pushing through the cheering crowd and making her way on toward the jail where she could be the first to greet her lover set free by her own ingenuity and labor.

But she was doomed to disappointment. Another strange episode capped the climax of that day of surprises when Judson Peck, the instant the great black doors were closed behind him, struck out across the field and into the wood to the by-path which led to the railway station. There, before he could address or be addressed by a single person, he managed to leap aboard the flying express to New York as it slowed up before a crossing, and was never seen again.

Overwhelmed at this unaccountable act, the fair Portia of Driggston locked herself in the old home where she speedily grew gray and listless to all pleading and applause, and where she is to this day, the woman with a secret. For not one soul on earth other than herself ever knew that a letter in a strange handwriting came from over the sea some ten months after the strange disappearance of Judson Peck on the day of his miraculous deliverance from

jail and from death, and that it was from Judson. Today that letter is a little lump of ashes which hangs suspended about a penitent martyr's neck.

It is not necessary to quote it at length, but the closing paragraph is significant:

"Of course my heart is all gratitude, my dear Margie, for your deed of heroism in my behalf, and it was certainly worthy of a greater reward than a coward's flight. But, dear one, how could I remain there, possibly to become your husband, when I knew in my heart that I was a guilty man?"

"You shudder, and no wonder, Margie. It is true that I was miles away when the fatal shot was fired, as I swore on the stand. But had it not been for me your father would be alive today. I was a fool—I was led away between my anger and my love for you, but I have lived to repent—indeed, I shall spend the rest of my life in atonement, even though I never see your face again. Margie, in the name of heaven, keep my secret and pray for me. It was I who first discovered the strange fact that the concentrated rays of the sun passed over the flashpan of the old flintlock. It was I who, returning to your father's house after the quarrel, found him asleep, and with my own hand moved the weapon along the pegs so that a few minutes later the hot rays should fall upon the fatal spot. Sprinkling there a few grains of fresh powder, I stole away, leaving to the powers of heaven the fulfillment of the terrible deed. And so, good-by—forever, Margie. Keep my secret for the love which you bore one so unworthy of you, and may heaven bless you. Farewell!"

And even to this day the secret is well kept in that little chamomile bag of ashes which hang day and night upon the throbbing breast like the fateful albatross of old, a sign of expiation for another's wrong.

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**Venerable Records of the Doin's in the Cobb's Corner Postoffice, "Writ out" by the Boy Behind the Counter.**

**[EDITOR'S NOTE.]** The quaint philosophers, the dry wags, the shrewd dickerers and the eminent yarn-spinners of the countryside make a forum of the country postoffice when there is room at the rear around the big stove. The stories and incidents on which some of the most successful human interest novels of the day are constructed come from the quaint loungers around the stores in Yankee communities. These official records of "Jeth's Crowd" are to be taken down month by month for the readers of "Comfort," and we hope that as you become acquainted with the members of the "Congress" your interest in their discourse and stories will deepen. In the September number of "Comfort" the "Cobb's Corner Congress" will continue sessions.]



corner of the postoffice. Cap'n Jote was teetering his cane between his knees and was droning:—

"Phin Fylesses' fool heerde his grand-pop say Old Scratch was a-fishing for Skinch Gray. For to catch Skinch Gray did he lay in wait. With an old bunged cent hitched on for bait. Hitched on for bait an' a good stout string. Goin' jigger-jigger-jigger just to flop the thing. Cause Old Scratch knowed that Skinch Gray Grabs ev'ry nimble copper that comes his way.

Hi-diddy-di, as sure as Fate  
Ye can't get fishes 'less ye use right bait!"

"Wonder where Cap heard that song?" mumbled Teed as the two old men hung up at the corner and listened for a moment.

"Guess it must be one that he has made up about old Gray," said Wack. "Cap's quite a rhymester, and I heered tell that old Gray stuck him on a shote trade last week and made Cap hoppin'." Reckon he's gettin' back at Skinch."

Cap'n Jote pronged his chew farther back in his jaw with his tongue and then went on with his lyric.

"Phin Fylesses' fool got a bung-down cent. An' off to old Skinch Gray's he went. Fust up then daown past Gray's he shined. An' the bung-down cent bobbed on behind. Bobbed on behind till old Skinch Gray Came about to spy what the deuce was to pay. Chased Phinases' fool an' stepped on the string. An' the string bruk off an' he got the thing.

Hi-diddy-di, ye can cal-ler-late  
That it's allus the suckers that will scoop your bait."

"To judge from that song that ye're singin' 'bout old Gray ye don't think that he will be givin' any public libries to Cobb's Corner right away, Cap, hey?" chuckled Uncle Wack as the two new arrivals eased themselves down on a ladder canted up against the side of the building.

"Lib'ries!" snorted Cap'n Jote. "Lib'ries! Skinch Gray! Why, if granite lib'ries were goin' three for a quarter Skinch Gray wouldn't give a scantling pig pen."

"Well, he is rath'er near, for a fact," acquiesced Teed Strout.

"Near!" echoed Cap'n Jote. "Clus! He's so tight-skinned that he don't dast to wink reel hard for fear of stretching the skin on his feet and hurting his corns. He's bald-headed because he begreaches juice enough to feed his hair."

"Yes, I did heer tell that the shote he sold ye wasn't up to snuff," said Uncle Wack significantly.

The Cap'n bridled. "Tain't that," he snorted. "I tell ye right now there can't a man in this town screw me on a trade. I knowed what the shote was before I bought it. I jest wanted to see how mean Skinch Gray was and I let him git the shote off on me."

"Coor'osity satisfied, I hope," said Wack, dryly. It was evident that neither he nor Teed accepted the explanation of the shote trade. Cap'n Jote understood that his excuse was a lame one and he hastily went on. "Tain't on account of myself that I felt like dippin' into old Gray. But he abuses ev'ry one that has anything to do with him. Can't nobody work for him to save their lives from tophet. The last hired man he had has ran away, or suthin'. He left all of a sudden and didn't even take his clothes. Reckin he felt as though he couldn't get away quick enough. Prob'ly he got so thin on the grub that Skinch has been givin' him that he stubbed his toe and fell into a crack in the barn floor and is layin' there like a knittin' needle, waiting to be pried up."

"That hain't the way of it," declared Uncle Wack. "I s'pose I'm the only one in the place that reelly knows jest what become of that hired man. It's a master cur's case."

His face was so solemn that the two looked at him with interest.

"Dew tell!" they ejaculated. "Ye're hec-torin', hain't ye?"

"Naws'r," snapped Uncle Wack with emphasis. He reached down into his trousers' pocket, stretching his leg like a huge rooster coming out of a dust-heap. He drew out a black and thick plug of tobacco and laboriously gnawed off a good-sized chew. Then he settled himself to narration.

"I had noticed for quite a while," he said, "that Gray's hired man was gettin' more peaked and more caved in, but I didn't think it would get to the pass in which I see'd him." Uncle Wack paused impressively.

"Nothin' specially wrong, was there?" Teed inquired apprehensively.

"Jest ye wait till I tell ye," continued Uncle Wack. "Ye'll never see that hired man on earth no more. Hain't that wrong enough?"

"Sho!" murmured the two listeners in subdued and awestruck chorus. "No, ye won't," said the narrator. "The day before that hired man disappeared I was down in Erskine's field gettin' some live bait out of the brook. All to once I looked up and that hired man was comin' 'cross lots from old Gray's ten-acre piece. When he got to that silver popple that marks the line fence he stops and gin a look up into the tree. Then he com-

menced to climb up. I walked over to see what in sanup he was goin' to do. Wals'r, as soon as he got up to the next to the highest limb he straddled it and took a piece of mutton taller out of his pocket. He greased his boots all up nice and slick. Then he greased his fingers and the bootstraps. After that he sort of sighed and took a look around. And then gettin' a good, tight grip on the straps he commenced to h'ist. Swan to man if he didn't rise right off that limb and go sailin' up."

"Didn't know he was so stout," said Teed. "Stout nothin'!" yapped Uncle Wack, "that wasn't the idea at all. Soon's he started I up and yells at him."

"Thunder Cris'mus, Jim," says I, 'ye hain't goin' to take a trip to the moon be ye?"

"Don't know jest where I'll fetch up," says he lookin' down at me. "What in tophet does all this mean?" says I.

"Ye know about what kind of grub I've been gettin' down to old Skinch Gray's," says he.

"Reckon I do," says I. "Well," says he, 'for the last few weeks I've been so thin and so light that I've had hard work to hold myself on the ground. I've come to the conclusion that it will be easier to h'ist myself up and have done with it 'cause I sha'n't have strength to hold to the ground much longer."

And off he went till he grewed to just a little speck and then he disappeared. Talk about flyin' machines that this 'ere Sanky Doodle has been gettin' up! They hain't in it with that hired man."

Uncle Wack paused and chewed a moment reflectively.

"Where d'ye s'pose he went to?" asked Cap'n Jote.

"Reckin the critter went right up to Paradise jest's he was," said Wack. "A man that could live few months on the kind of feed that Skinch Gray sets out is near enough to an angel for all practical purposes."

The meditative silence of the little group was broken by the explosive clearing of a throat. The postmaster stood in the back door.

"Bror-hum-m!" said he, "was that Skinch Gray's hired man ye was talkin' about?"

"That's the feller," said Wack.

"You say he has gone for good?"

"As Artemas Ward would remark, 'He has wentested from these 'ere parts.'"

"Well, ye hain't posted on the latest news," said the Postmaster. "I see him and talked with him only yesterday."

Uncle Wack, who saw his lie called in this surprising fashion, had no word to say. "Yes, I saw him," continued the Postmaster. "He was jest comin' back on his way from Paradise, and called here to see if any mail had arriv' for him. He was on his way to tophet to get a writin' from the Old Boy."

He said, Jim did, that if he could show that he had spent few months at Skinch Gray's he wouldn't have to go through Purgatory. And he told me one mighty surprisin' bit of news." The crowd looked interested.

"He said," continued the Postmaster, "that he got into Paradise for about tew hours and was allowed to look around a leetle. An angel took him in tow and showed him the soul room. I didn't know it before, but the hired man tells me that they have a different way of arrangin' matters up there from what I had supposed. Every soul on earth has a duplicate soul stored in Paradise, and the duplicate soul grows smaller or larger jest as the man conducts himself on earth. If he does good to his feller men the soul up there grows, and so the angels in charge are able to keep tabs on each critter. Now, Jim says to me that when he was showed around, the angel took him into the storeroom where all the souls are kept. After he had explained to Jim about how the system was run Jim asked for a look at the soul of Skinch Gray. Skinch was pretty much in Jim's mind at the time. The angel called up an attendant and asked to look at the records. After he had run down the index he turned to a page in the book and asked to look at Soul Number Empty Trillion, Dickety Three, or suthin' of the sort.

"After a little time a box was handed to him. The angel opened it and inside was nested another box. The angel opened that and another box still was nested inside. The angel kept openin' and openin' and still the boxes grew smaller till at last he came to a box that Jim said was sartin the smallest box he ever see. Nothin' could be smaller and have a cover. The angel opened it and giv' Jim a spyglass arrangement. Jim looked in and see a little

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speck in the bottom of the box. "Is that the soul of old Skinch Gray?" Jim asks.

"Oh, no," said the angel, "that's the seven-teen millionth part of the eyebrow of a moskeeter. It's put in there for comparison. You can't see the soul of Skinch Gray at all. It is only one hundredth part as large as that little speck you see there."

Cap'n Jote Bailey got up and stumped away and Teed Strout followed him. Uncle Wack was about to go along with them but Teed waved him back.

"You stay right back there an' lie it out on that line with Jeth," he said. "We hain't in your class and we don't want to muddy the track."



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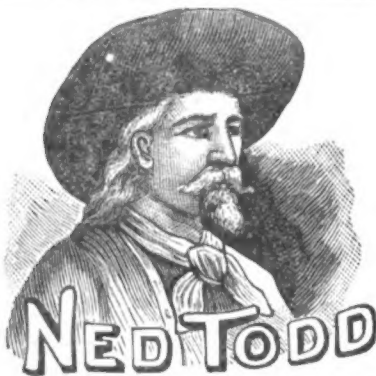


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The opening chapters of this intensely interesting story appeared in February COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing three cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. A Kansas telephone girl luckily secured a lot valued at \$17,000, and others were nearly as fortunate.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A TOILSOME JOURNEY.

THERE is trouble at the cabin, come on." This voice one of the fugitives recognized as belonging to a man who had always been his enemy.

"There, do you hear that?" cried a voice not over fifty paces in his rear.

In a moment the youth was upon his feet, running for life. But he could still hear the loud angry tones of the road agents in the rear. When they came to the cabin, and found the two guards slain and the prisoners gone, their rage knew no bounds. The woods rang with wild whoops that would have done credit to a band of Apache Indians.

Hurriedly as they had taken their flight, the youth had not neglected to possess himself of the rifle and pistols of one of the fallen road agents, and Ned Todd the border detective had seized the other.

Archie Holland had also taken the precaution to possess himself of one of the deadly bowie knives which one of the slain guards had carried in his belt.

It was very dark, and the fugitives despite all their caution were continually running against trees, or stumbling over sticks, and doing a hundred different things that were likely to bring them to the notice of their pursuers.

"Let me walk, I can walk now," said Daisy. "Hush, not yet, you are too weak," whispered Todd, who was nobly and bravely making his way through the almost impenetrable darkness, carrying the girl in his strong arms.

Ned knew that she was weaker than she herself supposed, and that having been bound so tightly she would find her ankles stiff and sore. After they had gone at least a mile, it was thought safe to halt a few moments to regain their breath.

"You need not carry me any further," whispered Daisy again. "I assure you that I am perfectly able to walk."

"We will rest a moment," Todd answered, "and then you may try. But you will find your ankles weaker than you think them. I have been in similar circumstances."

Their pursuers could be heard not half a mile away, and the fugitives knew by their manner that they were mad and furious.

"It was well that I came when I did, or you would have been taken away from the hut, and then it would have been more difficult to rescue you. Captain Snell had just gone after the horses and was coming back."

Ned Todd spoke in an undertone, for he knew not how near the road agents might be. His companions made no answer. Every tongue now became still, and every ear was strained to catch some sound of their pursuers.

At last the tramping of feet could be heard on their right, and our party made a complete change in their course. The cardinal points of the compass were lost to them, owing to the darkness of the night.

They turned to the left, and had followed this new course for about two miles, when they again became alarmed by the sound of voices directly before them.

It looked to Archie as if after all they would have to fight. They were both armed, and he believed that they would have a fair show of victory.

"How many are they in number?" he whispered to Ned Todd.

"I do not know, but I believe that they are at least a dozen. Perhaps more. We can do nothing with them in a fight."

Archie heaved a sigh. Would they never get beyond the clutches of these villains?

They were again forced to change their course, and in the darkness became so confused that even Ned Todd with all his skill in wood-craft was not certain that they were not going in a circuit.

For an hour the trio had silently groped their way along in darkness, and through what would seem to be an almost impenetrable jungle. At last Todd, who was in the advance, halted them by his hand.

All stopped and listened. A horse could be heard champing his bit, and restlessly pawing the earth. A moment later and they could hear some one yawn, and then a voice spoke in the Creek language.

There was no answer. No one but Todd understood the Creek tongue. It was fortunate for them that he did, for by listening to what the guard said, he learned that he was alone.

Putting his lips close to Archie's ear, he whispered:

"Stay here for a moment. There is a chance for us to get horses."

The youth understood him, and pressed the hand of the girl, which he had all the time held in his own.

Then they became silent, and Todd disappeared as noiselessly as if he had melted into air. He had been so long on the frontier that he was thoroughly educated in wood-craft.

Several moments elapsed, and then those who were waiting heard a sound of scuffling. It was not a very loud noise, and it was soon over and all became silent. Moments dragged slowly by, and Archie and his fair companion were growing a little uneasy, when they heard a voice near them say:

"All right. This way."

Both moved in the direction of the sound, and pressing their way forward through bushes and darkness, at last ran against a man.

"Here we are," whispered Todd. "Horses plenty for all and to spare."

They did not ask him what had been done with the Creek guard, for they knew too well that the darkness was a screen to a scene of horror.

Groping his way forward, and feeling about with his hands Archie found a horse, and he proceeded to shorten the stirrup on the left side so as to make it tolerably comfortable for a lady. Fortunately Daisy Miller had been long accustomed to riding on horseback, and was no novice, or she might not have been able to maintain her seat on this spirited little mustang.

Archie Holland then found another horse for himself, and mounting, rode to the side of the trembling girl.

"Wait a moment for me," said Ned Todd. "I have another little job of liberating to do. Unless we cut these horses loose, we will have the road agents like a pack of sleuth hounds on our trail."

He went about among the horses, cutting the halters of all that he could find, and then did his best to stampede them.

They turned in the opposite direction from which they supposed that the cabin was, and galloped away through the woods. Trees grew scarcer, and after a few moments' ride the underbrush almost altogether disappeared.

Another hour passed and nothing was heard of their pursuers. Then Ned Todd drew rein and said they would take a rest.

"We must have some sleep, you two especially. You are not made of iron, and unless you get a little rest you will break down. It still lacks several hours till daylight, and we can do no good travelling tonight. Better rest."

Daisy was sure that she could not go much farther.

Archie assisted her to alight. The moon had by this time risen, and the forest was growing lighter. The youth cut some leafy boughs and made her a neat little bed, on which the tired girl threw herself and was soon buried in deep slumber.

"Now make another, and go and do likewise," said Todd, who had taken up his place by the side of one of the horses.

"And leave you to do all the guarding?"

"I got a fair night's sleep while a prisoner last night," he answered. "That will do me."

Archie was so exhausted that he only threw down a few boughs and then lying down upon them fell asleep.

When he awoke he found it daylight. He started to his feet and gazed about upon the forest. About ten paces away was Ned Todd, his eyes fixed upon some object that was moving about in the woods. He had his thumb on the lock of his rifle, as if he was half inclined to send a shot at the object.

"What is it Ned? Why did you not waken me?"

"It's not necessary," he answered. "I don't think it's anything but Oklahoma Peg."

As he spoke the form of that mysterious woman could be seen coming out of the woods towards them.

"Does she see us?" Archie asked.

"Yes, she has been signaling me for the last ten minutes."

"And see she is coming this way."

"So she is."

"She wants to speak with us?"

"Of course."

Peg came up at a rapid walk. Despite the fact that she was dressed in a half-civilized costume, and that her dark face was made rough and darker from long exposure to weather, Peg still retained some of her remarkable beauty, which a few years ago had made her the belle of the plains. Her face was sad and had a haggard expression upon it. She occasionally cast an uneasy glance about her, as if she was not sure that she was not being watched by some one in the thicket.

"What do you want?" demanded Ned Todd, as she came where they stood.

"I came to talk with you," she answered.

"Well, what is it you have to say?"

"Why don't you leave the country?"

"That is just what we are trying to do, Peg. We would have been out of it several days ago if we could have gotten out. Can you give us any points that will enable us to leave here?"

"Go to the boomers' camp, they are fully two hundred strong, and Snell and his cut-throat road agents will not dare harm you there."

"Where is the boomers' camp?"

"On the Canadian. All you have to do is to follow the river and you will find it. The way is long and very rough, but you can find it."

"Where is Snell?"

"He is ten miles north of here. You completely bewildered him last night. He supposed that you were dead, and the rescue was a mystery to him."

Peg having given them the information which she had come so far to impart, urged them once more to leave the neighborhood, and turned about to go away.

"Wait one moment, Peg, allow me to ask you a question," said Todd, laying his hand upon her arm to detain her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"You know what we came here for?"

"I have heard it said, that it was probably your object to find a man that was missing."

"It was."

"Well, my advice to you would be, to let that man alone and go away without him. You don't need to be risking your lives to find a man."

"But the missing man is the father of this man. Would you have him neglect his father just because there is some danger attached to it?"

Peg bowed her head. Her Indian blood gave her strong prejudices. She would have been a Corsican herself, in avenging the death of a father, and she could not at heart blame the youth for risking his life to find his father.

Daisy, who had been awakened by the sound of

voices came to where they were talking. At sight of her Oklahoma Peg's eyes flashed fire, and with teeth grating she expressed a wish to tear her eyes out.

"Why do you want to harm the poor girl, she has never harmed you?" said Ned Todd.

"But for her he would have still been mine," cried Peg.

"What, what do you mean?" asked Todd, on whose mind a new truth began to dawn.

"He was mine before he saw her, and her face stole his heart from me, and now I have to wander alone in the forest. He saw her, and he killed and stole for her."

"It was not her fault, Peg," Todd replied. "She hates him, and would go away and never see him again if she could."

"But if you linger here he will find her, and then I shall lose him." Her great black eyes flashed with a strange fire. Todd knew just how to manage her and said:

"Peg, we are going to take her away where he will never see her again. But we are coming back to find the father of this man, when that is done then we shall leave this country never to return, and you may have Snell all to yourself again. Can't you tell us something about the white man who is a prisoner in the forest of Oklahoma?"

She bowed her head a few minutes in silence. Evidently there was a struggle going on in her heart. After a full minute she answered:

"If you will see a man who is an idiot and a cripple at the cabin, he will tell you. He is not such an idiot as he pretends, although they think he is. I overheard him once when he did not think I was around. Go to him and he will tell you all, I won't," and without another word she turned about and strode away into the wood.

Fortunately for the half-famished fugitives they found saddle-pockets on the horses, in which was some cold venison and dried bread. On this they made a feast. Archie Holland and poor Daisy thought they had never eaten such a breakfast as they made of this food.

When breakfast was over they once more mounted and started on the long tedious journey down the river. It proved to be a longer journey than they had supposed.

The sun rose over the river bank and filled the valley with floods of golden light. Here and there a timid deer or antelope could be seen out on the prairies, or valleys, nipping the grass, and halting to sniff the air at their approach.

Daisy was sick and weak, the long strain upon her nerves had been exhausting, and she was certain that she must soon succumb. The youth rode at her side and whispered words of encouragement in her ear.

Noon came and they halted for another rest. Nothing had been seen of their pursuers this morning, and the fugitives began to breathe easier. But as they got farther away from danger, and as there was less cause for effort, the reaction began to set in, and Daisy was scarcely able to ride.

While they were allowing their horses to rest at noon, she lay almost helpless upon the grass. "I am afraid I cannot go any farther," she said to Archie Holland when he brought her some broiled venison.

"Oh no, no, don't give up now," he said.

"I find that I am growing weaker all the time," she answered. "I really do not think that I can sit on my horse."

"Then I will carry you."

"No, no, it will be too much for you."

"Then what would you have me do? Go away and abandon you?"

"Yes, I will only be an incumbrance to you," she answered.

"Never! When you are abandoned, it will be after we have yielded up our lives."

She fixed her large beautiful eyes upon him with a look of gratitude, and said:

"It is no use for you to lose your lives on my account. If I must die, why need you? I can last but a very short time anyway. Helpless women have been abandoned before in this wilderness and allowed to perish, and why should not I?"

"If they were abandoned it was because there were not men with them, only creatures calling themselves men. We will never abandon you."

She sighed, but there was a grateful look in her eyes. Raising her head she gazed over that boundless plain, and groaned:

"Oh, will this long tedious journey ever come to an end?"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### A RACE FOR LIFE.

Ned Todd waited as long as he dared, and then the horses were brought around and saddled.

Daisy was asked if she thought she could ride alone.

"I will try," she answered cheerfully. "The rest and food have greatly strengthened me."

Archie lifted her to the back of the easiest going pony, and leaping upon another started away, following the great winding river.

All that day they continued their flight. It was just growing dusk, and they had entered a thick wood that grew along the banks of the stream, when Ned Todd, who was lingering in the rear, discovered a dozen horsemen coming over the hill toward them. It needed only a glance to tell him that it was the road agents under their determined leader.

"He is like a sleuth hound on our trail," the borderer thought. "Well, there must be no rest until midnight, at least. They will not stop sooner, and if we should they will be on us."

When he announced that they must push on without any stop, the tired girl only sighed.

The sky was clear and the stars shone brightly, but the moon would not be up before midnight. Their horses went clattering along on the wooded ridge, about two miles from the river. All along the ridge was a dense wood.

Suddenly, from the side of the road, there came one of the most unearthly piercing screams that had ever fallen on their ears. Daisy uttered a shriek and her horse, frightened, leaped forward and went thundering along the road at a break-neck speed.

Archie Holland knew that scream. It was like the one they had heard but a few nights before. His own horse kept pace with the girl's, and a moment later he was alongside of her. There was a rush of air, a heavy swishing sound and a thud, as a body struck the horse on which Daisy was riding.

Another unearthly scream, and a pair of fiery eyes were glaring in her face.

"Look out," cried the borderer. In all his years of experience, he had never seen anything that was the equal of this attack.

The youth, who kept his horse alongside the frightened girl, did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. His rifle was slung over his

shoulder by the strap, and he did not make any attempt to draw it, but snatching his pistol, leaned forward, thrusting it past Daisy's breast and almost against the head of the monster, that was clinging to the rearing, plunging horse, and fired.

The stunning report, so close to the head of the frightened girl was too much for her, and she swooned.

The panther lost his hold and fell to the ground, and Archie Holland drew the insensible girl forward upon his own horse.

His bullet, more by luck than marksmanship, had gone to the brain of the ravenous beast. Ned Todd, who was just behind him, had drawn his own pistol, and as his horse leaped over the writhing and struggling animal, he sent another bullet into its body. Though Daisy's horse was fearfully lacerated by the beast, it still continued to run along by the side of the other horses.

"Is she hurt?" asked Ned Todd.

"I don't know, I hope not. I can see no place where the beast's claws have torn her."

"Then she is very lucky. I never knew a narrower escape."

"Won't those shots bring the road agents this way?"

"It may; we will change our course."

Taking the lead, Ned Todd turned off at right angles from the ridge path, and again entered a pathless forest. The night was too dark, he knew, for them to follow them.

"We will throw them off the trail, and then get a night's rest," he said to himself. "When morning comes we will be prepared for another day's journey."

Ned knew that they were not many miles from the camp of the boomers, and if they could only get one more day's travel they would make their escape certain.

It was many minutes before Daisy began to show any signs of recovering. Archie Holland was growing uneasy about her, when she heaved a sigh and began to move. It was too dark in those woods for him to see her face. He at last spoke to her, and asked if she had been hurt by the panther's claws. The answer was very feeble, but it was satisfactory. She had received no injury save the shock.

"We will have to halt here and wait until morning," said Ned Todd. "I think that we will gain nothing by going on tonight, for we have been driven out of our course."

The youth never questioned the judgment of the brave ranger, whose years of experience on the border entitled his opinions to great weight.

They halted in the thickest, deepest part of the grand old wood, and Archie lifted Daisy to the ground. Her horse had kept alongside of the others, and when he came to examine its injuries, he was glad to discover that they were not so great as he had at first supposed.

The claws of the beast had stuck into the saddle and torn it quite severely, but had given the horse only one or two slight scratches.

With the saddle blankets he made a bed for the exhausted girl, and then covered her with his own coat.

"Now sleep till morning," he said. "I will guard you."

"Thank you, you have been very kind to me," the poor girl sobbed. "If Heaven had not sent such friends as you, I never could have survived these great trials."

"Don't talk about it now," he replied. "Go to sleep."

"I will, good-night."

Drawing the coat over her face, for the dew was falling and she was growing cold, she was soon asleep. Going to Ned Todd, that man who seemed never to tire, the youth bade him go to bed.

"You should remember that you are human, and require some rest as well as the others."

"But this is no time to think of sleep," the ranger answered. "The road agents are not a mile away."

"How do you know?"

"I have heard them."

"Then those shots were heard by them?"

"Yes."

"Well, Major Todd, further travel tonight is wholly out of the question. We will have to make a fight to the death if they should find us."

"That is about the size of it," returned Todd.

The hours wore slowly on. Frequently during that trying night, the road agents were so near that they could be plainly heard. Archie kept close to the sleeping girl, his rifle in his hands and his revolvers at his side. At one moment their pursuers seemed coming directly toward them, and then they turned and went in some other direction.

"Ten to one they stumble on us before morning," whispered Todd, to his younger companion.

"Will they never get tired of walking about? I would think that it was time for all decent people to go to bed," the youth remarked, as he listened to the distant tramping of feet.

"They seem never to tire. But it will be an unlucky day for them if they run across us."

Archie wondered that their horses did not make some noise that would betray them. It was doubtless owing to their state of almost complete exhaustion, that they did not.

Long and dreary was the night, but morning dawned at last. The sky had become overcast with clouds during the night, and again they were threatened with a drenching rain.

Daisy awoke considerably refreshed and strengthened by her sleep. A breakfast, of all that remained of the cold provision, greatly added to her returning strength.

"Have you heard anything of the road agents in the last hour?" Archie asked.

"No, I think they are entirely at fault. They lost the trail in the night and it is no easy matter to find it now."

"How far do you suppose we are from the boomers' camp?"

"It cannot be far. We will mount and push on without delay, I know that it cannot be over ten miles, and we must reach it before noon, or we will all be at the mercy of this gang of rascals."

They mounted their horses, and once more started on their way toward the camp. Having wandered some distance from the river during the night, it became necessary to take a south-eastern course.

Daisy's horse was slightly lamed, doubtless having hurt its foot, or sprained itself, in its struggle with the panther. They were compelled to go slower on that account.

The sky was cloudy, and in the distant west there was an occasional rumble of thunder.

"We are going to have a storm," said Ned.

"I hope that we will reach the camp before it comes on us."

He glanced at Daisy, and saw that her patient face had grown a shade paler than it was the day before.



"I think when we reach the top of this hill we can see the boomers' camp," the border detective said.

They were even then ascending the slope, and in twenty minutes were on the top, where they could overlook a long stretch of valley before them.

"There it is, there it is!" cried Ned Todd, pointing toward a snow bank of tents and wagon covers, about six miles up the valley.

At this moment the sun peeped through a rift in the clouds, and fell in all its glory and splendor upon the valley below. Oh! how peaceful, how like a haven of rest and safety seemed that camp. From their elevated position they could see men, women and children moving about. They could see the framework of two or three houses, for the boomers had determined to build themselves a town. Men were busily engaged everywhere about the camp.

Poor, tired Daisy, how she longed for that peaceful camp.

"How long will it take us to go there?" asked Archie.

"With our tired horses, it will take almost an hour," answered Todd.

Another hour in the saddle, another hour of toil, and then they would find rest. Archie turned in his saddle and gazed at the clouds gathering in the west, and wondered if the storm would stay away until they had reached shelter. Turning to Daisy, he asked:

"Do you think that you can stand another hour in the saddle?"

"I will try," she replied.

But now as they look again along the narrow path they will have to travel they see a sight that fills their breasts with alarm. Three or four white men are seen to ride out from a clump of trees about half way between them and the camp, and then they discover fully half a hundred Indians riding not over a fourth of a mile west of them.

"The infamous scamp!" hissed Ned Todd through his clenched teeth.

"Do you understand that? What does it mean?" Archie asked.

"They have secured the aid of those Cheyennes to help them, and they either intend to attack the boomers or cut off our retreat. We've got to make a bold dash for it, or we will never make it, and there must be no delay."

Fortunately they had not been discovered, and Ned wheeling his horse back, galloped down the hill, the others following.

The youth looked to the great scout for advice in this trying ordeal. That personage reined in his horse as soon as they were out of sight, and said:

"We're in a desperate strait, and it will take desperate means to save us. Are you willing to run a hazardous risk?"

"I don't think that we can take any greater chances than we have," Archie responded.

"But this is such a dash as we have never had. We will literally have to cut our way through the enemy, or we shall be lost."

"We can but die, and death is preferable to captivity with such a gang of villains."

Daisy nodded assent.

"Come on then, right down this ravine," cried the borderer, and wheeling his horse about, he went thundering down the ravine with the others close at their heels. By keeping down in the ravine they were enabled to get within two or three hundred paces of the nearest Indians and road agents. Here he halted, and turning in the saddle, said:

"It is not more than three miles and a half from here to the boomers' camp; I will ride out upon the hill, fire at the Indians and road agents and draw them on after me, and then you and Daisy make for the camp just as fast as your horses can go."

"And you, what will become of you?"

"Oh, never mind me," returned Todd. "I shall be able to get away from them."

With a cheerful smile he wheeled his horse about and went skimming up the hill, until the top was gained. He had got within two hundred paces of the group of agents and Indians, who were waiting for them, before he was seen. The sharp report of his rifle cut the air, and away he went with the howling, yelling monsters after him.

"Now is our time," cried the youth, and he and Daisy made a bold dash toward the camp. The boomers see them, so do the road agents. A dozen men cease to chase the borderer to follow them.

It is still a mile to the camp, and the Indians and road agents are pressing close. Bang! goes a shot.

"Oh, my horse is falling," screams Daisy. Archie stoops in his saddle to save her from a fall, but too late; the horse and his fair rider go down in the dust. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on this page,) so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the September copy will not reach you.

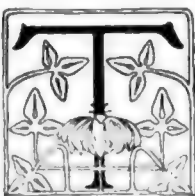
ONE



of the characteristic scenes in the streets of Constantinople is a man who carries on his back a cask filled with water or lemonade for sale. All intoxicating drinks are forbidden by the Koran, and whatever failings the Turk may possess to earn for himself the epithet "unspeakable," drunkenness is not one of them. For over 1300 years one hundred and eighty million have obeyed the law as laid down in the Koran and intoxication is practically unknown.

## Through the Lens.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



HERE have been wonderful improvements during the past twenty years in all science and arts. Probably nothing has advanced more rapidly however, than photography. And even an amateur in this art in this day has to be very proficient to claim even that title.

Constantly discoveries are being made with regard to the camera itself as well as in the methods and materials employed in printing the pictures.

Not so very long ago artists in this line depended wholly on the sun's light, and a cloudy day to a photographer brought an added reason for melancholia. But now, some of the best prints and the prettiest effects are obtained from the arc light, or gas or even ordinary lamp-light.

To look back into medieval times,—the very first camera was in the form of a small dark room where an early philosopher allowed the light to enter through a very tiny circular opening, throwing the exact but reversed appearance of the objects without on a white screen within.

Then a Neapolitan philosopher placed in this opening a convex lens, below which he fixed a mirror, making a camera obscura. Following this was an experimental period, and it was recalled that the ancients found certain chemicals the sun would work upon and create a change. A man by the name of Priestley got the first sun print of any value by coating a glass bottle with chloride of silver on which he marked letters. But the photographic image was captured by Taguerre and Niepce who together experimented and finally got results on a polished plate coated with iodized silver. This was gradually developed by fumes of vaporized mercury and finally arrested (or fixed) by a bath of hypo sul. of soda. The daguerreotype as we have come to call it, was the original plate converted into the picture; of course this made photography more of a luxury than it has been since pictures have been produced from the original plate.

But all this was too inanimate to satisfy. Pictures are well enough, but the call was to make them live and move. And from toy land came the first suggestion in the little "wheel of life" which was a cylinder in whose sides were cut vertical slits through which could be seen pictures of figures on a sheet of paper in various stages of motion. By rotating this cylinder the objects appeared to move. But these pictures were from wood cuts and were too crude to be used outside the nursery. Experts worked on gelatine plates to get the movements smooth, but not until 1887 in Edison's Laboratory at Orange, N. J., was this perfected.

W. K. L. Dickson arranged a band of sensitized film connected at each end which is propelled inside a camera by an electric motor from without, while a shutter opens and closes emitting a ray of light at the rate of forty-six times a second. Subjects, exposed to either the glare of sunlight or twenty arc lamps with reflectors (amounting to fifty thousand candle power) go through their motions while the camera is storing up impressions. This film is then developed and fixed and is then ready for public use.

One M. Plateau, a blind man, was the first to exhibit "living pictures" through a magic lantern though his were not taken from life, being merely hand painted on plates. Later an Englishman was quite successful in getting pictures of animals moving. He had a number of cameras connecting with threads which crossed (at different points) a race track toward which the cameras pointed. And as the animals would race by, the threads would jerk open one shutter after another, thereby getting the different attitudes of the animal. But this was difficult as glass plates were all that was then known. With celluloid all those difficulties vanished.

The Edison arrangement previously mentioned composes the camera and the projecting lantern. Both are similar. The former takes in daylight on a rapidly revolving celluloid ribbon. The latter transmits artificial, electric light.

The camera has two spools; on one is wound some fifty feet of celluloid ribbon sensitive to light. By turning a crank the operator causes this film to travel on to the other spool, having stopped fifteen times per second between exposures. And thus results a series of pictures each a trifle different in appearance. After developing (by rotating wound film in bath) any number of positives may be made and precisely the same means are employed for projecting the pictures on screen or sheet. Were the negative the picture it would be too great an expense. The film costs originally thirty shillings and developing three pounds more. However, since many rolls are reproduced and (if taken of a celebrity in a parade for example) may be easily sold to be exhibited in different parts of the country—this of course defrays the heavy expense.

The American Biograph is the finest yet produced and is considered so the world over. Still another method has been devised by which we are to be entertained, and more picturesque results accomplished, in colored moving pictures.

The means adopted are surprisingly simple, the original photograph being taken in much the same way as for ordinary biograph reproduction in black and white. But there is one essential modification. A regulation biograph camera is provided with a shutter that has one opening. As the shutter revolves, a snap-shot is taken every time the opening comes in front of the lens. In the modified instrument the revolving shutter has three openings, so arranged as to meet the lens at equal intervals of time, and these openings hold tiny panes of glass—one red, another green, and a third blue-violet.

These, of course, are the three primary colors which together make white, and upon this fact the theory of the instrument is based. When the biograph camera is in operation, in obedience to a well-known law, the exposure through the red glass "takes" only those parts of the objects in view that happen to be of a red color; likewise, the green glass only takes green, and the blue-violet glass only the portions of corresponding hue. Obviously, then, all three exposures are required to compose a complete photograph.

Accordingly, the result of the process is a film-strip consisting of partial photographs in sets of three, each trial making a whole one.

# HERE IS HEALTH FREE

Are your lungs weak?

Do you cough?

Do you have pains in chest?

Do you spit up phlegm?

Is your throat sore and inflamed?

Does your head ache?

Is your appetite bad?

Do you have night sweats?

Are you losing flesh?

Are you pale, thin and weak?

Do you have ringing in ears?

Do you have hot or cold flashes?

Is there dropping in throat?

Is the nose dry and stuffy?

Have you a coated tongue?



Any or all of the above symptoms are cured by the Slocum System of Treatment.

The system consists of Four Preparations, illustrated above, which act simultaneously and supplement each other's curative action.

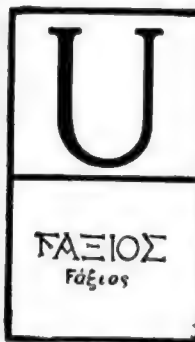
The ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved and cured.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The New Slocum System of Treatment for the cure of Tuberculosis, Consumption, Lung troubles, Bronchitis, Catarrh, General Debility, a Run-down System, and nearly all the ills of life, is medicine reduced to an exact science by the world's foremost specialist.

By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

For reproduction before an audience, the strip is run through a machine in the ordinary way, but with the interposition of a revolving shutter just like the one already described, with three openings containing red, green and blue-violet glass. So rapid is the passage of the strip that the eye of the observer does not have time to get rid of the red sensation before the green and blue-violet ones come along, and the three together "justify" optically in such a manner as to reproduce all the color effects of the original scene photographed. Even the most brilliant street-views, with bright costumes of women; or grass, flowers, and sky in country scenes are perfectly represented.

The inventors of this process are two Englishmen named Lee and Turner, who have also patented it in this country.



UNTIL the year 1799 scientists had tried in vain to decipher the meaning of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The discovery of the Rosetta stone in that year made the whole subject clear, thanks to the scholarly work of a distinguished Frenchman, Champollion by name.

The Rosetta stone was covered with an inscription in three languages, one Greek and the others in Egyptian hieroglyphics. By comparing the Greek with the hieroglyphics a translation was obtained, and with this for a basis it has been possible for archaeologists, to decipher the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments and clear up many dark places in Egyptian history. The Rosetta Stone at present is in the British Museum, where it is one of the most valued treasures.

## SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Or Extend Your Subscription.

Owing to extensive additional improvements in "COMFORT" much beyond those first contemplated, we may be obliged soon to announce an advance in the subscription price from 25c. to 50c. a year, of which we give timely notice to our valued old subscribers. To all subscribers old or new we make the following offer at this time. Fill out, sign and send in the special coupon subscription blank below with ten cents to pay for six months' trial subscription; and we will put you on our list as paid six months in advance, the subscription to

continue at the old price, unless you otherwise order. You get a six months' trial subscription for ten cents, and continue for 25c. a year if you like. If you do not like, you can stop it at any time. We feel that this offer will be fully appreciated by our many readers and if you are already a paid up subscriber it would be well for you all to accept the same at once and have your subscription extended at the low price now offered. Subscribers in arrears should all immediately remit as "COMFORT" will hereafter be discontinued.

**To Our New Readers.** We hold this offer open for 30 days and any new readers who now wish to subscribe on these remarkably favorable conditions can do so by at once filling out and sending us the subscription blank printed herewith and 10c. in cash,

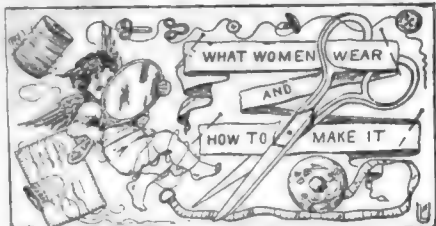
Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter my subscription for COMFORT for six months paid in advance, and after that continue my subscription at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## Taste in Dressing.



BEAUTIFUL clothes do not spring into existence by magic. They are the production of not only physical labor, but mental effort, a bit of ingenuity, and a large quantity of taste in combining colors and shades, to be in harmony with the figure, complexion and hair. A girl of the blonde type should study well what color of material blends with the fair complexion. The new blues and pale greens would be more becoming. The dark

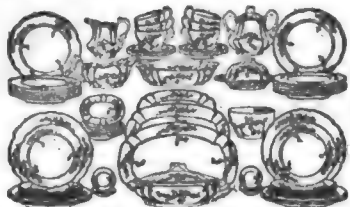
coffee-colored hue of the Arabian laces is certainly stylish and attracts, but should not be worn by the pronounced brunette. As in every new fad there is a rise and fall, and those who have noticed it know that the dark lace will in time give place to the white, which is always the safer and more becoming to every type. Many there are who have the opportunity to dress well, but are entirely ignorant of the subtle art of dressing in taste. Clothes are, to a certain extent, expressions of character. Trimming and its arrangement add an attraction to any gown; then why not combine harmony in color? Let each note of apparel send out a tuneful melody, so to speak. Arrange the coloring and shading to combine in sweet accord. The summer gowns, which are overburdened with inappropriate and unwashable trimming, and each combination holding in derision the other, should be dismantled of all trimming, and a quiet and diligent study of them should be made, removing all such obstacles as impede the good taste which should be displayed.

While a combination of soft and harmonious shades would fill the heart of every true lover of pretty garments with admiration for the wearer, whose mind could so easily conceive of such a genuine satisfaction in the form of a gown of blended shades and suitable trimming. The vivid hues of the rainbow, in all the soft, thin fabrics of the present day, should be handled over by the "young" old ladies to the daughters and granddaughters. Lawns in all the shades of gray and black and white, can be made so daintily and in so many becoming ways, with laces and insertings. The bodice, also, may be trimmed the same way, with a few additions of fine tucks and rows of insertings. The thin, gauzy materials, as a rule, are exceedingly becoming to older women, but not the brilliant colors.

A great deal of "worldly" happiness depends on the wise expenditure of money for dressing. The mysterious art of taste in gowns and their adaptation to hats and gloves and wraps, should be cultivated by every young miss, as well as the more elderly matron. The fair, auburn-haired girl, should pass on to her brunette sisters the reds and pinks, all shades of yellow and brown, gowning herself in the daintier colors: blue of every hue; purple, from the darkest pansy to the lightest lavender of the aster; greens, from the dark bottle green to the Nile tints; and always white, and black, or any shades of gray. All these shades can be combined in different costumes to blend in the most perfect harmony with the complexion and hair. Shaded lavender flowers may combine with cream lace on a cream-white hat. This must be worn with all white, all black, or lavender gowns. Blend on a black hat, with dark velvet ribbon, bunches of shaded green leaves from the very lightest to the darkest shades; or use instead the lovely tints of green chiffon.

On the other hand, take the brunette of rich, dark complexion. A brown hat trimmed with clusters of shaded nasturtiums, from the darkest to the lightest color. This must not be worn with any shade of red, but with an ecru dress of any kind, or any shade of brown. A white hat with a tasteful arrangement of white, pink, and red roses (or any other flowers of the same colors) can be worn with all white and all black gowns; also with red or pink gowns.

A perfect and exquisite taste in blending colors and shades can be acquired by close observation, and by study. Nature is a fine teacher; how delicate is every shading of her leaves and flowers, and blending most perfectly one tint



## 45-PIECE DINNER SET FREE

For selling 10 one-pound cans **QUEEN BAKING POWDER**, and to each purchaser of a can, we give **FREE A PITCHER** and **SIX GLASSES**, latest cut glass pattern. (These Dinner Sets are high grade, are handsomely decorated in flowers of 4 colors, and each piece heavily traced with gold.) We also give \$5, \$2 and \$1.25 Piece Dinner Sets, Shirts, Waists, Jackets, Furniture, Sewing Machines, and many other valuable premiums for selling our groceries. We also give cash commission. Write today for illustrated plans offering everything in glassware, granite ware, etc. to customers; it will pay you. No money required. You risk absolutely nothing, as we send you the goods and premiums you select, pay freight and allow you time to deliver the goods and collect for them before paying us. **AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 806-8 N. Main St., Dept. 57, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

We train people for positions. Write us. International Correspondence Schools, Box 1150, Scranton, Pa.

"**DR. SHOOP RHEUMATISM CURE**, guaranteed by all druggists."

SEND 10c. and 2c. stamp and get three reliable candy receipts. A. Searns Candy Mfg. Co., Warren, Ohio.

**LADIES** Something New, making sofa pillows at home; \$8 to \$15 weekly; material furnished. No canvassing. Steady work. Send stamped addressed envelope. Household Mfg. Co., Erie St., Chicago.

**GIRLS BOYS** Write for GRAND CATALOGUE and learn what YOU GET for selling our "Pony Brand" goods. A beautiful Bag, **SOLID GOLD** pins, GARFIELD GUN CO., 317 MEADVILLE, PA.

**LADIES** WANTED to do writing at home. Good wages. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for reply. Miss MODELLE MILLER, New Carlisle, Ind. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**FREE GOLD WATCH** This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it **FREE** to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. **ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 23, Chicago**

**FAT** How to reduce it. Mr. J. H. Smith, 215 5th St., New York City, writes: "It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home without expense. No starving. No medicine. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc. **Hall Chemical Co., Dept. R. St. Louis, Mo.**

**2 cents** This is a gold-plated Slide Locket and Bangle Pin Combined, engraved with beautiful French design. We will send a sample postpaid to any person in the United States who sends **TWO** stamps. Or one Locket and one Bangle Pin. Address **LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.**

## WHAT AILS YOUR HAIR?

Upon receipt of this FORM carefully filled out and enclosing a few hairs, or a sample from the daily combings, we will send you a sample of the Cranitonic products and a 48-page illustrated book, "Hair Care," with testimonials, by mail prepaid, together with a diagnosis and complete REPORT upon the condition of your hair after scientific microscopic examination by our Physicians and Bacteriologists, absolutely FREE.

Applicant's Name in full \_\_\_\_\_

Address in full \_\_\_\_\_

Have you Dandruff? \_\_\_\_\_ Is the Dandruff Oily or Dry? \_\_\_\_\_

Is your hair falling out? \_\_\_\_\_ Losing color? \_\_\_\_\_

Does your scalp itch? \_\_\_\_\_ Any scaly eruption? \_\_\_\_\_

Any eczema on scalp or body? \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

**CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 526 West Broadway, NEW YORK.**

Hair needs food to keep it alive. If the roots have been weakened by the attacks of the scalp microbe your hair falls sick, falls out, turns gray.

A sure sign of "hair disease" is itching and dandruff. Heretofore the treatment of diseases of the Hair and Scalp has been a matter of guesswork, without regard to the cause.

In the laboratories of the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food Co., of New York, the only Institute in America devoted to diseases of the hair and scalp, the cause of the disease is learned by means of a Microscopic Examination of the hair and a cure effected by exact and scientific methods.

The Cranitonic Hair Food and Shampoo Scalp Soap were formulated for the exact purpose of preventing and curing all hair and scalp diseases, and are sold by druggists.

For purposes of scientific research and investigation, and in the perfection of its formulae the Cranitonic Hair Food Co. has already expended more than \$200,000.

In a microscopic examination of 1,000 different samples of human hair, made in the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Laboratories and Institute (incorporated under the laws of the State of New York) 21 different diseases of the hair and scalp

were discovered, many of them **HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS AND ALL FATAL TO THE LIFE OF THE HAIR.**

**THE DANDRUFF MICROBE** which causes Itching and Dandruff, followed by Falling Hair and Finally Baldness. From Micro-Photograph by Dr. E. Fahrig, Chief Cranitonic Laboratories.

**FREE HAIR FOOD** If you wish to be cured of itching scalp, dandruff, to save your hair and grow more, write giving address in full, and you will get a **FREE SAMPLE** of the Cranitonic products and a 48-page illustrated "Hair Care" Book.

**CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO., 526 W. Broadway, New York.**

**Why Not Own a Celebrated Fountain Pen? IT'S FREE.**

**A Great Chance for Bright, Smart People.**

How many times do you suppose during the year you have needed a pen and ink and have searched high and low when all you could find was a little old stubby pencil? When you wish to write a postal or letter you may be obliged to jump up and go into the next room after pen and ink or if in the street have to go in a man's store and borrow pen and ink to sign a check, deed, mortgage or any paper where law is the question. Why not be up to date and own one of the Celebrated Fountain Pens which are always ready at a moment's notice? They are conveniently carried in the pocket at all times, are ready at a second's notice, and safely hold about two weeks' supply of ink. Our Celebrated Fountain Pen is made of hard rubber with cap to prevent leaking and the latest principle of self-feeding. The price is always from \$1.00 to \$3.00 for first-class fountain pens but you can today have one without cost. We are anxious to advertise our Celebrated Orien Nazone Reave, the only perfect cure for Asthma, Hay Fever, Deafness, Catarrh of the Head, Eczema, Itching, Salt Rheum, Bites from Poisonous Insects, etc. We will send three large boxes to the address of any responsible person who will send them for 25c. a box and return of the money 75c. Upon receipt of the same we will forward absolutely free of cost one Celebrated Fountain Pen. This is a valuable proposition to any one who may be fortunate enough in reading this advertisement as all that is required is a few moments' work with honest intentions. Address your letters to **THE GIANT OXIE CO., Box 968, Augusta, Maine.**

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. K. L. Silverlake, Wis.—Silk is not an absolute necessity for the lining of your thin gown. It is an encouraging fact, that a lining of fine lawn will answer every purpose, whether it be of the same color or in different colors. (2) All the new muslin gowns are fluffy around the feet; frills of all widths and styles finish the bottom of skirts. A pink linen gown can be made a brilliant beauty by an elaborate embroidery done in white linen floss, the embroidered design shaping the circular flounce. The entire front of waist done in the same pattern, and sleeves also. It can be stamped in a graceful design of white morning glories; if desired only the cuffs of the sleeves, and high standing collar may be embroidered to match the skirt. White linen waists, every kind of linen for wearing apparel are most desirable. These waists can be embroidered in black rings all over the fronts in black wash silk, or in yoke effect, on rows beginning wide at the shoulder graduating to a point at the belt, collar and cuffs finished in like manner. The bishop sleeve can be used with pointed cuff and embroidered belt in the rings would be a novelty in good taste.

Miss Daisy, Nokesville, Va.—"How can I go to the Springs, without any new clothes?" The outing gown of cream white serge of last season may be used by trimming in fancy braids; or in stitched bands of the same covering each seam, and a short jacket could be added with revers of pale blue silk. The very indispensable, and all important white linen must be made over, with bands of blue linen, embroidered in white half circles; a blue sailor collar can be added with scattering half circles; a tie of blue and white silk is a smart finish. The skirt must have a circular flounce of blue, with embroidered half circles in white also, or a flounce of the white linen, with the embroidered bands of blue. This unique and quite dainty gown can be worn with the white rolled rim sailor hat. The green straw hat can be made quite becoming by removing all trimmings, wipe it carefully with a damp cloth to remove all the dust; trim with a bunch of green shaded ribbons; to be worn with all black foulard gown, that must be made over also; freshen it by removing trimmings, and wipe off gently with alcohol; alter by the latest patterns, immerse all the chiffon frills in gasoline and press; do not use any chiffon on the skirt. You will have sufficient goods to use tiny ruffles of the foulard on the skirt, as many as the goods will allow. The waist may be elaborately trimmed with the chiffon in any becoming manner; real simplicity in gowns is no more. The chiffon forming the full puffs of the sleeves, below the elbow. Remove the white silk braid from the nun's veiling; clean with gasoline, stitch on a cluster of five rows forming a pointed design all around the bottom of the circular skirt. The waist is in one broad box plait back and front; rows of braid trim down either side, decorate the bishop sleeve in the pointed design of silk braid. A girl of skillful needle handling can easily make old clothes new. With these "make overs," several white shirt waists must be added, made in any design, to suit the wearer. The organdie of pale rose color can be remodeled, but a lovely waist can be made of the skirt; tuck it all over and cut the waist bias. Cut V shaped neck, join the fronts by a band of lace inserting on either side, put any pretty beading, run in the narrow black velvet ribbon, tying a full bow at the neck, and also at the waist; finish the neck with beading and black velvet ribbon, whipping a full standing frill of lace around the neck. Elbow sleeves, all over tucks and finished with inserting, beading and velvet ribbon, and a frill of the gown, trimmed with lace, and a black velvet belt, complete this waist. The spring coat suit, with the hat to match will be the suitable traveling dress.

## Adrift in New York.

If any of our readers desire to secure the entire story, "Adrift in New York," or "Tom and Florence Braving the World," the fascinating story that has been running in "Comfort" for the past few months, we will send it in two complete bound volumes as a premium for only one new 10c. six months' subscription to "Comfort," or a 10c. six months' renewal. Remember you get the complete story for a new 10c. subscription, or renewal. Address, "Comfort," Augusta, Maine.

**Agent's Outfit Free.**—"Success" Nutmeg Grater—only perfect grater. Send for large catalog new goods, fast sellers, free. **RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, Bath, N.Y.**

**WOMEN WANTED** Do Sewing on specialties. \$4.00 per 100; can make six an hour. Material sent free prepaid. Addressed reply envelope particulars. **Universal Co., Dept. 23, Walnut Street, Phila., Pa.**

**I REVEAL YOUR LOVE, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS AND SPECULATION.** When to MARRY and when to SUE. With my ADDITION every SUCCESS is secured, and the future of your future. **PROF. KENNEDY, MEDFORD, MASS.**

**Cash for REAL ESTATE** We will turn your farm, business or city property into cash at once no matter where it is. Money sent to your own bank. Send cash price and two stamps for necessary papers. Do not delay. **WINSLOW REALTY & INV. CO., Sta. E, South Bend, Ind.**

**THE NATURAL BODY BRACE** 10 years of demonstrated success. **TRIAL FREE CURES** Female Weakness, Nervousness, Weak Back, Stomach Disorders, Lung Diseases, Abdominal Pains, Discomforts from Standing or Walking. Wholly external. Comfortable. Adjustable to fit any figure (thin or stout). Worn with or without corset. No metal springs. Around the body. A boon to the prospective mother. Many thousands of grateful women write us like this: 24 Walnut St., Dayton, Ohio, April 19, 1902. Two years ago I bought a Natural Body Brace which has cured me of general female weakness in its worst form. I cannot find words to praise it as it deserves. Write for our illustrated book. It might save you hundreds of dollars and years of health. It is mailed free with full particulars. Address **THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO., Howard C. Raab, Mgr., Box 27, Salina, Kansas.** Beware of imitations, copycats and infringers.



# MORE THAN A BILLION DOLLARS AWAITING OWNERS

Most of It is English Money, and Many of the Heirs are in America.

YOU could do almost anything with the amount of money that is lying about unclaimed in England, says the London correspondent of the New York Press in a recent issue. There is more than a billion dollars' worth of it deposited in all sorts of places: in the British Treasury, in the Chancery vaults, in hundreds of banks and in the coffers of countless private companies. There it is, waiting for its owner, or his heirs, growing greater all the time—and in almost every case its custodians are making periodic attempts to discover the persons whose property it is.

The names of such unwittingly lucky people, advertised for in 1900, when collected and printed in small type, filled a straight column in the Times the other day, and many of the advertisements of that year have a distinct American interest. Here, for instance, is \$30,000 held for James E. Higgins, who was last heard of in New York; here, too, is "a large sum of money" waiting for the heirs of Joseph Sullivan, formerly of Cork, and later of San Francisco. One John Scott, who fought in the Rebellion, is entitled to money in trust here, and so are J. H. Cook, who left England for America in 1873, and Mary Wriggley, who got married and then went to live in "the States."

**QUARTER OF A BILLION IN BANKS ALONE.** The fact that the unclaimed millions in Great Britain are distributed among so many different departments of the Government and of the business world probably explains why no real estimate of their total amount has ever been made. How staggering such a figure would be can be guessed when it is said that a reasonably sane calculation of the unclaimed funds lying in banks alone is somewhat over \$250,000,000. Of course this estimate takes no account at all of the money in Chancery and those sums of which the government takes charge—the property of those who have died intestate—to say nothing of all the unclaimed dividends on Government and company bonds, unclaimed soldiers' and sailors' prize money, and so on.

The extent of the treasure lying in banks is easily explained. Strangers call and make one casual deposit, never to be seen or heard of again, having, perhaps, been killed or obliged to make tracks out of the country without leaving any time. Some banks, after making continued attempts to find these missing depositors, calmly add the sum to their assets, but most houses keep the accounts open and the money waiting year after year.

In Chancery there is now over \$400,000,000 in cash and property, of which some \$5,000,000 is awaiting claimants. A part of the simple surplus interest on this huge amount in Chancery was used in building the stately Royal Courts of Justice, on the Strand, in which the Chancery Court now holds forth. In 1881, too, Mr. Gladstone borrowed no less than \$200,000,000 to apply to the national debt, but it isn't always safe to do this on the ground that the unclaimed money included in the amount borrowed is never going to be demanded anyway, for in 1891, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked in his financial statement that he had been called upon "quite unexpectedly" to provide \$500,000 to satisfy the demands of heirs and other claimants who had suddenly popped up.

It is true, too, that the next of kin to the owners of these estates are continually turning up. In 1871, a Mrs. Mangin Brown died intestate, leaving property worth half a million dollars. All her heirs were abroad at the time, but years afterward the Government's repeated advertisements finally attracted their attention and they claimed and recovered the estate.

## THE NEXT-OF-KIN AGENT.

It is just possible that the appearance of these heirs may have been due to the efforts of the alert next-of-kin agent. He spends his time in hunting up the heirs of property that really exists, and sometimes succeeds in unearthing them after years of work, during which he has performed prodigies of shrewdness. His library helps him a lot, and an odd mass that library is, for it comprises hundreds of old directories, domestic and foreign, old court guides, peerages, long records of births, marriages and deaths, school and college lists, etc., etc. One next-of-kin agent has also a wonderful series of cards, millions of them, arranged in alphabetical order, so skillfully and comprehensively that it is hardly possible to name any man of the slightest consequence, providing he lived since 1750, about whom this remarkable reference library will not reveal something.

## A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN FORTUNE.

Often times this class of agent makes it his business to hunt up the heirs to unclaimed dividends in old, old companies that were worse than failures for years, but which finally yielded up small fortunes in returns. One of these was a company formed to operate in the Thirteen American Colonies in 1741, called the West New Jersey Society. A London goldsmith had ten shares in this company, and the subsequent history of these shares looked upon as worthless at the time, was a thing to wonder at. In 1756, when the company was dissolved, there was a dividend on those shares, but their owner was dead and there was no one to claim them. So the money, which amounted to \$625, was invested in Consols, and after a century had passed it had grown to \$35,000. Not long after, one of the goldsmith's descendants, spied out by the active next-of-kin man, put in a claim and got the money.

Another next-of-kin agent discovered, a while ago, that there were funds unclaimed since 1722 in a London company. Thirty-five shares stood in a woman's name, and the sleuth determined to find her "heirs and assigns." First he found a record of her marriage, then of her death; and then got track of the relatives who had survived her, finally working down to her living next-of-kin, who proved to be a Magistrate, and some poor women living in Wales, who finally divided the inheritance, some \$40,000.—New York Press.

## The Family Doctor.

SO many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Annie G. Harris, Santa Rosa, Fla., wants to know where Hunt's Corn Cure is sold or manufactured. Can anybody tell her?

School Girl, Grayson, Ky.—Eat less greasy food if your skin is oily, and use warm applications of borate of soda morning and night.

G. T. Mac, Des Moines, Iowa.—An excellent and simple wash for the eyes may be made by putting two drops of essence of peppermint in an ounce of water. Apply whenever the eyes feel uncomfortable.

M. H. R., Columbia, S. C.—Your symptoms would indicate that you are threatened with diabetes, and you should consult a physician without delay. And what he tells you to do, do faithfully, or you will not remain above ground for many years.

Miss McF., Homer, Mich.—A good local application for fever blisters is made as follows: Salicylic acid, 25 centigrams; oxide of zinc, 50 centigrams; nutmeg butter, 30 grams; tincture of benzoin, 10 grams. Apply the pomade three times a day. A dose of epsom salts in the morning before breakfast will prove soothing to the blood.

W. F. S., Dayton, Va.—Consult a physician about your eyes. They are too delicate to trust to newspaper advice. (2) Use a wash on your hair made of one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor gum; powder these and dissolve in a quart of boiling water. When cool, dampen the hair with this, rubbing it into the scalp gently.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

**LEARN SIGN PAINTING** in 7 HOURS and make UNION SIGN CO., WATERTOWN, N.Y.

**WRITERS WANTED** to copy at home. ART INSTITUTE, Lima, Ohio.

**DETECTIVE** Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders. No experience needed. American Detective Ass'n, Indianapolis, Ind.

**CHILD LOST** for 18 years. Stolen from the cradle. She was told who and where parents lived by ZEMINDAR, Great Hindu Seer, who foretells correctly all Private Affairs. Health Business. Send stamp for particulars. Box C, 245, Saratoga, N.Y.

**FREE RUPTURE CURE** If ruptured write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 1019 Main St., Adams, N.Y., and he will send free a trial of his wonderful method. Whether skeptical or not get this free method and try the remarkable invention that cures without pain, danger, operation or detention from work. Write to-day. Don't wait.

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If so, send us your name and address with 2 cents to cover postage, packing, etc. We will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free. How to get it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit, and without you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes. **MILCO DRUG CO., Dept. 19 St. Louis, Mo.**

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You can obtain one of our Snake Rings absolutely free. We are giving away these rings to simply advertise our business. There is no representation or humbug about this—so if you wish to secure one of our SNAKE RINGS, all we ask is that when you receive it you will show same to your friends. Thousands have received rings from us and are more than delighted with them. This is a grand chance to get a HANDSOME RING, without paying one cent for it and you need write at once, stating street and number of your residence, or P. O. Box if you have one. Send and be surprised. Address, **THE SIX GIRL CO., Dept. 180, N. Y. CITY.**

**\$8.65** buys a high-grade drop-head SEWING MACHINE with 3 drawers (\$9.95) illustrated complete with accessories all ready to sew. Our FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG illustrates and describes the above machines and the biggest assortment in the world of pivot and ball-bearing drop-head, upright and automatic sewing machines, among them our famous \$4.00 Faultless Model E Drop-head at \$11.95; \$5.50 "Happy Heart" Model D Drop-head at \$16.95; \$5.50 "Improved Faultless" Ball-bearing Drop-head at \$14.55. All light running, noiseless, perfect sewers, guaranteed 50 years. Shipped anywhere C. O. D., on easy terms. Send for the catalog to-day. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-166 and 285-289 W. Madison St., CHICAGO**

# \$1,000 in Gold Free



The above picture illustrates a well-known saying. If you can send us a correct solution of the above picture puzzle YOU MAY SHAKE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY for doing a little work for us. This you can do by giving up a little of your spare time. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. When you have made out the picture puzzle, write your solution plainly and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. It may take an entire evening to solve the puzzle, but STICK TO IT AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A copy of our FASCINATING MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE. We find it is the very best advertising we can get to give away LARGE SUMS OF GOLD FREE. Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded FREE GOLD PRIZES: Mrs. J. M. Lachlin, Twenty-third Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$130.00; Mr. O. F. Ackerman, Hill, N. H., \$125.00; Mr. Fred. Peace, 146 Atkinson Street, Rochester, N. Y., \$125.00; Mr. George Corbett, Five Islands, Nova Scotia, Canada, \$80.00; H. C. HARE, 40 Wisconsin Avenue, Columbus, O., \$1,750.00 (this includes the \$950.00 Cabinet Grand Upright Piano); W. Kettle, 2705 Carson Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$190.00; Miss Martha Gregory, 3 Park Street, Norwalk, Conn., \$105.00; Mrs. John Just, Box 7, Enfield, N. H., \$110.00. We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names, as we desire the space to tell you all about THIS SPECIAL \$1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE OFFER. The above solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and the reward is so handsome that it will amply pay you to TRY AND MAKE OUT THE INTERESTING PUZZLE PICTURE. Brains and energy nowadays are winning many Golden Prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to make out the well-known saying. WE HAVE THE \$1,000.00 IN GOLD. Have you the brains and energy? If you can make it out, send your solution to us without one cent of money. Remember that this is our \$1,000.00 in Gold Free Distribution, and we don't want you to send any money. When we say FREE, we mean PERFECTLY FREE. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. YOU MAY WIN. We do not care who gets the money. TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT. The question is, can you solve the above unique proposition? If you can do so, write what you read it to be, and send your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Money is a nice thing to have, because there are so many useful uses we can put it to. By a little extra effort someone will get the money we give away. Some lazy and foolish people often neglect these grand golden free offers we make, and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of good opportunities for clever, brainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our GOLD FREE DISTRIBUTIONS. We are continually offering our readers RARE AND UNUSUAL prizes. This special contest we consider one of the greatest offers ever made. Do not delay in giving this matter your immediate attention, and if you can make out the puzzle picture, send your answer at once. \$1,000.00 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can prove that, in the many Free Cash Contests we have conducted in the past years, we did not do exactly as we agreed. We have a big capital and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. To pay out these big gold cash prizes is a pleasure to us. We intend to have the largest circulation of our high-class magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes of great sums of money. It is the only successful way to get your magazine talked about. For instance, if you should read the puzzle picture and we should hand you a sum of money as a free prize, you would never stop talking about our magazine, now, would you? We POSITIVELY CLAIM that you will be amply rewarded by sharing in our \$1,000.00 in Gold Free Offer. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. This advertisement was not written for drones or idlers who are not willing to give a liberal use of their time. We expect the reader to do some work and give it the time and attention it deserves. USE YOUR BRAINS. If you are successful in solving it, well and good. Write your solution and send it to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We really desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this splendid Free Money Offer, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this offer to you without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE PRINTED AT THE TOP OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. The harder it seems the more patience and determination you should have. Courage and determination win many of the PRIZES OF LIFE. Your share in OUR FREE MONEY DISTRIBUTION depends entirely upon your own energy and brains. Don't delay a moment in TRYING TO SOLVE THIS PERPLEXING PUZZLE. Many of the people we have recently sent large sums of money to in our Free Money Distributions write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings, and saying that if we had not so strongly urged them to try to win they would not have been successful and would not have been the happy recipients of a large sum of money for only a few hours' effort. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. OUR BIG CASH PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money. If you need money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately. DON'T DELAY. Address

THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO., 24 North William St., N. Y. City



COMFORTS AT HOME

For the enlightenment and benefit of its subscribers, COMFORT has inaugurated this department under the title of COMFORTS AT HOME, wherein will be carefully and correctly solved any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein, will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Law suits can frequently be avoided by timely and judicious advice concerning matters in dispute; this, however, can only be done by one who is fully conversant with his or her legal rights and privileges. This department will also prove of great value and interest from an educational standpoint, as in it will be answered any proper legal question that may be propounded.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce.

Any yearly subscriber to COMFORT fully paid in advance is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS AT HOME, LAWYER, Augusta, Maine," and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be returned by mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published. M. A. D.—Even though a son should claim a homestead in the property purchased with the father's pension money, it would not avail the son as a means of defeating the father's right to recover his money, as explained in this column in the June number of COMFORT. The fund—no matter how it be expended or what be done with it, belongs equitably to the father and the son will, as a matter of law, be regarded simply as a trustee, and compelled to render a full and true accounting of the fund in question. Even though the son "secure the homestead"—as you put it—the money or the avails thereof, can be followed and be subjected to the father's claim.

L. L. R.—The fact that the original deed to the property was lost does not deprive the rightful owner of the title thereto. A deed is simply evidence of title, and not the title itself. I would advise you to re-examine the deed once; then clear the title by buying up outstanding tax titles, of which there are probably some, and bring an action against the present occupants, if any, for possession of the land.

C. G. H.—The fact that you had a book of formulas copyrighted does not deprive you of the right to sell them singly or in any other way you may wish to handle them. The copyright protects you in the ownership of the book and the contents and you can use such ownership in any way you may choose.

M. T. B.—I assume that a homestead entry is the subject of this inquiry. When a lady has made such an entry there is no law preventing her marriage, and if she continue to comply with the law as to residence and cultivation, she may perfect the entry and receive patent in her married name. If, however, her husband has also an unperfected entry, both cannot be perfected, as but one residence can be maintained.

M. O. H.—You are not entitled to a pension under the forms which you state. You rendered your country no service, except by way of good example and precept by your enlistment. You have neither morally nor legally any right to pension money.

H. A. L.—There is no law to prevent a person from staking out a mineral claim on his homestead. It would seem useless however to do so, as the land already belongs to you in any event, provided you have fully proven your homestead by compliance with the legal requirements in that behalf.

2. You cannot be prosecuted in law for taking an assumed name provided, of course, that you are doing nothing unlawful. A man has a right to call himself by any name he chooses, an assumed name however may cause great complication and litigation in case any property rights are involved. Such a course is very unadvisable.

C. R.—The term "fully paid stock" signifies that no assessment may be levied on it by the Company; that is, if the Company sells the stock for 30 cents—or any other price less than the par value—it cannot subsequently call on the purchaser for the difference between the price paid and the par value. However, under the laws of many of the States the difference can be collected by creditors of the Company in case the Company becomes insolvent or for any other reason fails to fully pay its debts.

Miss E. V. H.—If you have any rights in the farm concerning which you write, you ought to have a guardian appointed by the Court in your County having jurisdiction over the property and estate of minors. Under the facts as you relate them, your claim to the property is extremely doubtful. No land can be tied by will for more than three lives; as the property originally belonged to your grandfather, you cannot claim under his will. If you have any legal interest in it whatever, it must rest on your grandmother's title.

Mrs. A. W. N.—It would be a very difficult matter to run down the title to the property in question, unless you can give either the legal description of the land or locate it with some degree of certainty. The editor of this column happens to be somewhat acquainted in the locality where the land is situated and will take pleasure in writing to a lawyer at Rushville—the County seat of Schuyler County—with a view of enlisting his aid in recovering the property for you.

R. K.—A discharge in bankruptcy will relieve you from all debts that existed at the time the bankruptcy proceedings were instituted. Subsequently acquired property cannot be taken by creditors who had notice of your petition in bankruptcy.

**WE** are giving away Life Size Dolls for a little work. Address National Med. Co., New Haven, Conn.

**MARRIAGE PAPER.** Best Published—FREE. K. J. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

**SILK REMNANTS 2 CENTS A PACK.** Having a large stock we will reduce our price to move them. All new, bright pieces, corners and squares. Good size. Most beautiful designs. 15 choice pieces in each pack, also velvet and satin squares extra. 1 package, 2 cents; 3 packages for 5 cents; 12 packages for 15c; 100 packages for \$1.00, postpaid. **L. E. GOGGINS, Box 51, Roselle, N. J.**

**\$5.80** Buys this HIGH GRADE ACME QUEEN COOK STOVE. At \$5.80 to \$5.90 without reservoir, \$9.95. \$11.35 with reservoir, according to size. We sell this high grade cooking stove, coal or wood burning cook stove, the equal of cook stoves elsewhere. Good size. For complete free Store Catalogue, our liberal terms of shipment, and pay after received plan, cut this ad. out and mail to us. Address **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.**





## TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY  
COUSIN MARION.

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

The last month of summer, and not such a long, hot season as we have had in other years, for which we should be thankful, even if we have not been Summer Girls at Summer Hotels with nothing to do but have a good time. How do you do, all? but let us get to our Talk.

The first in the letter list, as it lies before me, is from Flossie, Cherry Hill, Md., who wants to know the address of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Does Cherry Hill want a library, dear? All it has to do, if it does, is to ask Mr. Carnegie for one. His address is New York City, or Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pansy, Campbellsville, Ky.—Let him get mad and stay mad forever, if you do not kiss him. Either do that, or become engaged to marry him. His kind are the kind girls should avoid. (2) It is both wrong and vulgar. (3) Handkerchief flirtations are silly and common, and if I knew the signs I would not tell you.

N. C., Cedar Bluff, Tenn.—No kissing until you are engaged. (2) An honest girl can no more become engaged to marry more than one man than she could marry more than one. And when she is engaged to one she has no right to flirt with others.

Dreamy Isaura, St. Mary's, Ohio.—Some men are not given to much love-making and calling of pet names. If your lover is that kind, you will have to make his good qualities count for more. You talk, however, like a girl who is much too young to be engaged.

Nora Bell, Odessa, Ont.—Take the young man you like best and let the other one go.

Onae, Mattoon, Ill.—Chicago ought to be the nearest place, but I do not know the address of any Missionary School there, nor do I know what you mean by Missionary School. Ask any of the ministers in your town. That will be the easiest way for you to find out.

Golden Hair, Versailles, Mo.—See articles elsewhere in COMFORT of this issue of the meaning of the color of the hair. It is popularly thought that red-haired people are not bad tempered. (2) Indeed, I cannot tell you how to make ten dollars during the summer. (3) Bashfulness can be overcome by constant association with people, and by forgetting yourself and thinking of others.

Vernice, San Antonio, Texas.—Go to any music store in your town and look over the sales there. Then out of the lot of publishers' names you will find on it, choose any one that suits you. One is as good as another. Enclose postage with the music you send, so you will get it again if it is not accepted.

Case, Laurel, Mon.—The years began to number from 1. (2) Yes, you may go horseback riding with another man when your "gentleman friend" is not at home, but he must be told about it. (3) It is the man's place to try to make up a quarrel when both are to blame.

Green Girl, Emporia, Kans.—One o'clock in the morning is too late to sit in a buggy talking after returning from an entertainment. (2, 3) Yes. (4) Simply ask her if she can go with her and she should answer him with thanks, yes or no, as she is inclined. (5) Yes. (6) If the young man is reputable and desirable as a friend, you may go with him the next evening after meeting him. (7) Three sets is rather often to dance with any man who is not privileged. (8) The man should write first.

Tom Boy, Parina, Ky.—Young men should go home at 10:30, P. M., or half an hour later in summer, unless there is a party of them sitting on the front steps. (2) Do as you please about giving your picture, but know the young man very well, before you do. (3) Every Sunday night is usual when the girl likes the young man. (4) It will be all right to let him go to church with you. (5) It certainly is wrong to correspond with strangers. (6) A man who comes to see you without being invited may be told that he is not wanted.

Fireball, Churchillville, Iowa.—Not at all. (2) A girl should not marry before she is 21. (3) There is not any "latest novel," because there is a new one nearly every day. (4) He should not stay later on Sunday night than any other, say, 10:30.

Cape Jasmine, Belleville, Texas.—They should correspond until there is a complete understanding. (2) They can use their own pleasure as to how soon they will marry after becoming engaged. (3) The lady can do as she pleases about beginning a correspondence. There is no rule.

Blue Bell, Coffee, Cal.—Forty is not too old for twenty-two, if they are fully agreed, but a less difference would be better. (2) Kissing is not advisable until he has declared himself. (3) Marriage is a lottery all through, and an Englishman may be a prize. You can only find out by drawing.

There, cousins, all your questions are answered, except the usual too silly ones by very young girls who do not know any better, and I hope the answers will satisfy you, though they may not be quite what you wanted sometimes. By by now, till we meet again in September.

COUSIN MARION.

## EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. MRS. L. D. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

LADIES, Pin Money, Flavors, Perfumes, Credit. Art. terms free. Herberne Agency, Box 354, Station L, New York.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

\$300 Genuine Conf. money for \$1. \$100 for 60c. R. MAXWELL, Box C, South Bend, Ind.

"Man Wanted" to sell Teas and Coffees. Commission or Salary. W. I. Co., Box 1996, New York.

CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST 50 cents a year. Sample copy free on application.

Information concerning how I cured myself from pimples, black heads, etc. Enclose \$1. Look Box 1502, Sterling, Ill.

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**MONEY** C. S. A. \$5 bill sent to any address for 25c. Will give \$50 to anyone who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

Every Lady suffering with Female Trouble should send for a free box of the famous "Home Treatment Cure." Address Mrs. Harriet Hartman, Box 485, B. A., South Bend, Indiana.

**GOLD** SILVER AND HIDDEN TREASURES CAN BE FOUND BY THE USE OF THE "MAGNETIC" SYSTEM. Address P. A. M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

**IF YOU** wish to make money quickly, easily, capital or risk, write to HENRY J. TRAIN, Mendham, N. J.

**10,000** Are Very Anxious to GET MARRIED with pictures and addresses free. The PILOT, 255 Monticello Ave., CHICAGO, Dept. 6.

**I ASTONISH THE WORLD** WITH MY REVELATIONS. DO YOU WISH TO BE REVEALED? Address PROF. BONDURANT, L. B. 1909, BOSTON, MASS.

**3 FREE SAMPLES** for a stamp. Write to Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

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## THE HOME FINDER.

[So many inquiries are made by "Comfort" readers concerning real estate (country and city) farms and locations for homes that this column has become a necessity and here we shall be glad to answer all questions.]

Paid-up subscribers who desire to make a change in their present situation or are in any way uncomfortable in their abode and want information about any particular location in any State in the Union can address "The Comfort Home Finder," Augusta, Maine, and we will try and serve them.

There are letters in this office for Mrs. Margaret W., Rockport, Ind.; G. E. C., Farina, Ill.; Mrs. Nellie B., Flowerfield, Mich., which we are unable to forward, as no record is kept of Home Finder inquirers beyond the initials accompanying answers in this column. We will be glad to forward these letters if inquirers will drop us a postal giving full address.

Mrs. Thomas Cook, Macgregor, Manitoba.—We should say that Vermont was not a good place for a farmer, unless it was one that had lived there all ways and knew all the conditions and was possessed of the true Yankee thrift. In New Hampshire, which is next door, there are any number of abandoned farms which can be had for almost nothing. For particulars of these write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet. You could find much better fruit-growing land in Michigan, a great peach country, and much nearer to you than Vermont is. Still if you know Vermont at all and like it, you might get a farm there that would be very satisfactory to you. Write to the Postmaster of Hartford, for the address of real estate dealers, or farmers who want to sell, enclosing postage for reply.

W. H. F., Pottstown, Pa.—The address of "M. L. K." has been mislaid and we do not remember it.

E. M., Esterell, Mo.—The price of a nice little house and ten acres in Texas is something that we could not even guess at, as prices vary in all localities, but at no place would it be very high. But even across Texas farms are not great money makers, and you would have to have much more land than that to do anything with, unless you could get a market garden in the vicinity of one of the large cities of Texas—Houston, Dallas, Austin, or some city of that kind. To get prices there, write to the Postmasters for addresses of real estate dealers, enclosing postage for reply. (2) We should think a poultry farm not far from Portland, Ore., would pay well, as chickens and eggs in the Northwest command good prices, and poultry farms are scarce. Land is comparatively cheap, costing more near the city, where you would have to locate in order to be near market. Oregon is a fine state agriculturally, and you would find it better for your means than Texas, either for poultry raising or otherwise.

P. W. C., Madelia, Minn.—New Mexico ought to be the ideal spot for persons afflicted with asthma, which Idaho is not, except possibly in the higher portions where farming could not be carried on in a small way. New Mexico has a remarkably dry climate, and many invalids have been restored to health there. If you will write to S. F. B. More, Houston, Texas, asking for particulars of the land and prices there you will get all the information you need before making a personal visit. If you will write to Hon. Martin Jacobs, Comm'r of Agriculture, Boise City, Idaho, he will give you information of his state, both as to farming opportunities and health conditions. In some respects Idaho is a very healthful state but ask him especially on the subject of asthma.

H. T. Y., Winona, Miss.—Our advice would be to you not to come North. You have lived South too long, and a man of forty coming from Mississippi to any northern state would not find it either pleasant or profitable. If you want to get into the atmosphere of northern energy, and still not be among a people new to you, go to Georgia. This is one of the best states in the South, and the people certainly do have enterprise, or appreciate it in others when they don't have it themselves. Make a trip over there and see for yourself. It is not far nor expensive.

Mrs. H. McD., Racine, Wis.—You can rent a cottage in New Haven for yourself and two boys, for about \$20 a month, up. It is cheaper to do that than to send your boys to New Haven to college, and better for you and for them. After their graduation you will probably want to stay in the East as you say you are eastern born, and New Haven is a pleasant town to live in, even if your boys want to get out into the great world. You might take a larger house and board students, but we would not advise it unless you have had experience in that line.

Miss Hattie H., Caldwell, N. Y.—The largest violet farms are probably situated on the Hudson river in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie. It is difficult to find out much about them as the owners are close mouthed on the subject. If you think of buying land in that neighborhood to go to raising violets, and it surely is good work for women, we would advise that you visit the section and make your inquiries in person. Land anywhere along the Hudson, used for farming purposes, except in special cases, is cheap, that is to say, it runs from \$20 or \$25 an acre, up.

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

A Standard Remedy. Ladies, ask Druggists for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for Particulars, Testimonials and "Booklet for Ladies," in letter, by return mail.

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arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

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WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish our readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged Sheet Music for Club of One. The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-priced copyright pieces or the most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type—including colored titles—and is in every way first-class, and worthy of your home. 3,000,000 copies sold!

LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

PIANO OR ORGAN. No. 313. Aida Transcription. . . . . Felt

317. All for Thee Waltzes. . . . . Walden

197. American Liberty March. . . . . Cook

323. Am Vogelherd, op. 364. . . . . Spindler

101. Ancienta Abroad, March—Two Step. . . . . Cook

319. Angel's Dream, Op. 36. . . . . Lange

247. Artist's Life Waltzes. . . . . Strauss

181. Artist's Life Synch. Variations. . . . . Walden

337. Bagatelle Polka. . . . . Loeschhorn

329. Ballade, Four Hands. . . . . Loeschhorn

347. Barcarolle. . . . . Rubinstein

215. Battle of Waterloo, Descriptive. . . . . Anderson

179. Beauties of Paradise Waltz, 4 hands. . . . . Sireabog

227. Beauty's Blind Triumphant March. . . . . Strauss

213. Black Hawk Waltzes. . . . . Walsh

331. Blooming Rose Polka. . . . . Keefe

257. Blue Belle of Scotland, Trans. . . . . Richards

221. Bluebird, Echo Polka. . . . . Morrison

199. Boston Commandery March. . . . . Carter

189. Boston and Scenic in Lohengrin. . . . . Wagner

321. Brunette Waltz. . . . . Braeg

229. Bryan and Sewall March. . . . . Notes

305. Cavalry Parade Polka. . . . . Sampson

255. Cavaleria Rusticana, Four hands. . . . . Mascagni

289. Cavaleria Rusticana, Intermezzo. . . . . Mascagni

193. Cadences and Scenes in All Keys. . . . . Czerny

327. Celestina Mazurka. . . . . De Lasalle

297. Chatelaine, La Menuet. . . . . Lange

337. Cherokee Roses Waltz, 4 hands. . . . . Behn

335. Chinese Serenade. . . . . Plesne

349. Cinderella's Dance, Four Hands. . . . . Durkee

445. Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two Step. . . . . Musus

269. Coppelia, Valse Lento. . . . . Deibels

211. Corn Flower Waltzes. . . . . Coote, Jr.

71. Crystal Dew Waltz. . . . . Durkee

235. Day Dawn Polka. . . . . Felt

193. Dewey's and Triumphant March. . . . . Morehouse

297. Diamond Valley Waltz. . . . . Morehouse

299. Eastlake Waltz. . . . . Daggett

303. Edelweiss. . . . . Hennes

343. Eglington Quickstep. . . . . F. W. M.

195. English Maypole Dance. . . . . Robinson

155. Evergreen Waltz. . . . . Stoddard

241. Fantasia Schottische. . . . . Gabriel

191. Fatintza Galop. . . . . Ludvig

231. Faust, Selections. . . . . Durkee

233. Flirting in the Starlight, Waltz. . . . . Lasalle

239. Flower Song, Op. 29. . . . . Lange

351. Forest Home Waltz. . . . . Smiley

277. Forestville Waltz. . . . . Zahn

273. Frolic of the Frogs. . . . . Watson

353. Gavotte in F. Major. . . . . Josephy

183. Golden Rain, Nocturne. . . . . Cloy

147. Grand Commandery March—Two Step. . . . . Musus

181. Heel and Toe Polka. . . . . Faust

185. Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still. . . . . Richards

139. Hobson of the Merrimac Waltzes. . . . . Jewell

139. Home, Sweet Home, Transcription. . . . . Slack

153. Jenny Lind polka, Four hands. . . . . Muller

187. Last Hope, Meditation. . . . . Gottschalk

253. Le Petit Bal, Polka Mazurka. . . . . Durkee

155. Lee's (den I) Smile Haunts Me Still. . . . . gaip

193. Lohengrin, Selections. . . . . Durkee

141. London March—Two Step. . . . . Musus

243. Love's Dreamland Waltzes. . . . . Koeder

99. Maiden's Prayer, The. . . . . Badarzewski

240. Martha Selections. . . . . Johnson

227. May Day, Four hands. . . . . Krug

225. May Day Schottische. . . . . Keefe

225. McKinley and Hobart March. . . . . Turner

65. Memorial Day March. . . . . Hewitt

357. Midnight Bells Galop. . . . . Ludvig

131. Minstrelsy, Polka. . . . . Weis

291. Music Box, The Caprice. . . . . Liebach

125. My Old Kentucky Home, Variations. . . . . Cook

305. Napoleon. . . . . Parlow

175. National Songs of America. . . . . Blake

135. Nightingale's Trill, op. 81. . . . . Keefe

213. Old Folks at Home, Transcription. . . . . Blake

171. Old Oaken Bucket, The, Variations. . . . . Durkee

273. One Heart, One Soul, Mazurka. . . . . Strauss

219. On the Wave Waltz. . . . . Dinmore

197. Oregon, Queen of the Sea, Two-step. . . . . Spencer

191. Please Do Waltz. . . . . Durkee

193. Post and Peasant Overture (Suppe). . . . . Brunner

285. Psyche, Gavotte. . . . . Mallet

187. White and Blue Polka. . . . . March

187. Richmond March—two-step. . . . . Musus

245. Rustle Waltz. . . . . Schumann

127. Rustling Leaves, Idylle. . . . . Lange

352. Ruth, Esther and Marion Schottische. . . . . Cohen

149. Salem Witches March—Two Step. . . . . Musus

189. Schubert's Wanderer, Transcription. . . . . List

305. Shepherd Boy, Idylle. . . . . Wilson

161. Silvery Waves, Variations. . . . . Wyman

169. Smith's (General) March. . . . . Martin

295. Souvenir of the Ball Waltz. . . . . Clark

259. Spring Flowers Polka. . . . . Fährbach

279. Stephanie Polka. . . . . Weber

109. Storm The Imagination of Nature. . . . . Brown

292. Sultan's Band March. . . . . Brown

109. Sweet Long Ago, Transcription. . . . . Jewell

223. Twilight Echoes, Song without words. . . . . Allen

113. Under the Double Eagle March. . . . . Allen

203. Village Parade Quickstep. . . . . Allen

203. Warblings at Eve. . . . . Richards

93. Waves of the Ocean March. . . . . Blake

261. Wedding March. . . . . Mendelssohn

219. Winsome Grace, A perfect gem. . . . . Howe

111. Woodland Whispers Waltzes. . . . . Dinmore

301. Yacht Waltz. . . . . Dinmore

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CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.



THIS year the Sun obtains the first point of the celestial Balance or the sign of Libra at about 47 minutes before seven in the evening of the 23rd of September. Aries ascending gives Mars as ruler of the scheme. He is found in the 5th house of the figure opposed by Jupiter in the 11th house. Saturn is unfavorably placed and nearly stationary in the 10th house, or the house of honor and executive authority. The Moon is on the cusp of the 3rd house just past the opposition of Herschel from the 9th and square of Venus in the 6th house. The Ingress occurs in the 6th house in square with Neptune in the 3rd but applying to a favorable aspect of the great benefic Jupiter and the warlike Mars.

The indication of the figure could not be more favorable for the peace and welfare of the nation than it is, but Jupiter's oriental position, notwithstanding the detriment he suffers from Mars, gives confidence that the right will prevail and the Nation as a whole continue its onward march of progress and command the respect of all nations. The significance of the people, under excitement, indicates a restlessness and some degree of turbulence among the people, especially those whose vocations take them under ground or into the manufacturing and mechanical trades. Some element of disorder will be apparent among fire-workers and employees of great corporations. The opposing rays of Mars are some drawback to commercial morality. Banking and manufacturing affairs are not in as satisfactory a state as could be wished, especially through September and November. Some financial bubbles burst during this quarter and the money market will be in an unsettled state. Political excitement will run high and bitter denunciations and dishonest appeals to popular prejudices be unhappily indulged in by party leaders, which may result in some violence and disorder. September is likely to witness some unusual fire losses among schools and places of public entertainment, or public buildings. Herschel on the 9th indicates some changes in clerical matters and adverse criticism of Cabinet officers or changes in the members of the Cabinet. Mars in Leo excites turbulence in France and friction between French and Russian authorities.

## CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER, 1902.

**SEPTEMBER 1—Monday.** An excellent day for mental exercise and for the literary pursuits in all branches, but especially so for all scientific matters and business concerned with metaphysical and religious affairs; have nothing to do with real estate or writings pertaining to the same in the late afternoon.

**2—Tuesday.** The very early and the very late hours are to be preferred over the middle part of the day; have no transactions with railway or steamboat officials nor expect any favor from government employees; use the evening for negotiations relative to houses or lands or for dealings in agricultural products or lumber.

**3—Wednesday.** This day is peculiarly appropriate for commercial transactions of magnitude, also literary engagements and the initiation of literary and scientific undertakings of magnitude; unusual mathematical work, and trade and traffic of all kinds; push all trades connected with machinery, hardware, chemicals and drugs; make compounds and mixtures of ingredients in which chemical action is an important feature; deal in electrical goods and sharp instruments of all kinds.

**4—Thursday.** Fully improve this day for thy transactions with banks and monied institutions; open new stores; purchase goods for trade; urge collections and solicit money advantages; the afternoon is best for dealings with organizations of men or corporate bodies and for business pertaining to patents, trade-marks, or copyrights, also for transactions with persons noted for eccentricity of habit or dress.

**5—Friday.** Enter into no contract concerning real estate on this day; avoid thy landlord and postpone thy dealings with the aged; give no offence to thy superior or employer, nor seek advantage from persons in authority; unless on guard during the evening quarrels and contentions are likely; so have care in this respect and be not oversensitive to mental slights or sarcastic utterances.

**6—Saturday.** Give preference to the forenoon for the most important ventures of the day, but do not make purchases for trade or have any dealings with banks or persons of wealth, nor expect much success in making collections or obtaining money accommodations; see that losses do not come through thine own neglect or carelessness.

**7—Sunday.** An excellent Sabbath day in which thine associations with the aged will be specially pleasant.

**8—Monday.** Be active and diligent in the pursuit of thy business; travel; change residence and make beginnings in ventures concerned with machinery, mechanism and manufacture; deal with cutlers, surgeons, chemists, bakers, barbers, tailors, cattle-traders, tanners, carpenters and military men; consult thy dentist and experiment in chemistry; urge all literary undertakings.

**9—Tuesday.** Be early at thy post and push commercial and literary matters to the fullest extent; use the forenoon for speculation in stocks, if thy nativity likewise favor; beware of government officials and expect no favor or advantage from corporations of any kind; strange quarrels are provoked in the evening and night hours when violence of passions are likely to give increase to crime; avoid all chances of harm from fire and explosions.

**10—Wednesday.** Begin this day early and improve every moment in the pursuit of art, music, and in all the elegant vocations; deal in fancy goods and engage in works of decoration or adornment.

**11—Thursday.** The early morning is the best part of the day, but as the day advances put a bridle upon the tongue; expect but little civility from railway officials or employees, and shun money-lenders and persons who display strange peculiarities of dress or manner; deceptive appearances and baffling hindrances are likely in the transactions of the later hours in all classes of literary engagements or in dealings with persons in such callings. Make no new beginnings or be deceived by flattering promises in schemes offering themselves in this and the following day; do no contract making nor any important correspondence in the afternoon.

**12—Friday.** The forenoon is fair for general business, but the day as a whole is not likely to show much progress in undertakings of consequence; make no beginnings nor have any dealings in lands, houses, mines, or products of the earth.

**13—Saturday.** Give preference to the forenoon for the major transactions of the day in all general matters, though the day does not offer much encouragement that success will attend thine efforts; have care in the evening in handling all inflammable and explosive and look out for fires, which during the middle days of the month are likely to prove unusually violent and destructive of property.

**14—Sunday.** The day abounds in benevolence, being especially conducive to religious fervor and particularly inviting religious exercises; efforts of the clergy will be attended with more than ordinary success, and church matters and officials are favored in an eminent degree.

**15—Monday.** Actively pursue thy several vocations during all this day, giving preference, however, to the forenoon for dealings in real estate, boots and shoes, wool, lead, coal and all kinds of building material.

**16—Tuesday.** Defer matters of much importance in

the artistic and literary pursuits in the forenoon, when also all decorative work pertaining to houses or lands or furnishings of any kind should not be done; make no engagements of a money character during the day.

**17—Wednesday.** Conflicting influences prevail on this day and more than ordinary circumspection should be exercised in all thine undertakings of much magnitude; indeed, a little procrastination at this time will prove more salutary than unwise. Reckless particularly charges those who claim this as the anniversary of their birthday, or who were born about the 28th of April, 31st of July, or 31st of October, of past years, to exercise unusual care in all matters of health and finance, especially the latter; such persons should avoid litigation and keep out of controversies of all kinds, where it is possible to do so; many such, who have remarked a tendency to blood troubles and heart afflictions are likely to now experience more than usual annoyances in their hearts' action and should avoid excitement and unwise indulgences of the appetites.

**18—Thursday.** This day encourages the mechanical and the chemical pursuits, also dealers in cutlery, military men and generally those whose vocations are conducted by use of fire, machinery, and sharp instruments; make purchases for trade in the middle hours of the day when also deal with banks, manufacturers, and the wealthy classes.

**19—Friday.** Use the early morning for dealings with corporations and government officials, but beware of any literary work or agreement pertaining to lands or its products; sign leases, mortgages, deeds, or any writing obligating thyself financially; have no dealings with persons employed as trustees or in a fiduciary capacity; be not deceived by misrepresentations or false appearances.

**20—Saturday.** Pecuniary losses are among the effects induced by the prevailing conditions of this day; so be thou careful that thy purchases are prompted by necessity rather than for profit or self-gratification, and defer all speculative inclinations until a more propitious time; and continue thy watchfulness against losses by fire in these middle days of the month.

**21—Sunday.** The conditions of this day are not important, though the afternoon and evening church service will be more interesting and successful than those of the day.

**22—Monday.** Begin early and improve every moment of the day particularly for money ventures and money accommodations and obligations; buy goods for trade and deal with officers of monied institutions, judges and those engaged in the ecclesiastical callings; seek favor for advantage from thy employer during the early morning hours.

**23—Tuesday.** Musical and artistic pursuits and the elegant occupations generally suffer peculiar annoyances and embarrassments for a few days and the gentle sex appear at a disadvantage or suffer in greater proportion than usual; strange matrimonial alliances are probable at this time, particularly between youth and age, and elopements are prompted by prevailing conditions. Be in no haste to effect engagements or marriage on this day; let all persons born about the 9th of March or 9th of the 12th of September or December, of past years, be particularly guarded in diet and habits at this time, especially avoiding stimulants and excitements and be cautious in all their social engagements and in their pursuit of pleasure.

**24—Wednesday.** The middle hours of the day are the poorest for progress in business matters and forbid the asking of any favor or accommodation; the early hours are good for correspondence and literary and mental works; the afternoon gives improvement in every direction.

**25—Thursday.** Fair for those employed in the fine arts and in the manufacture of articles which gratify and please mankind; musical and social engagements are favored to a limited extent, but in all these matters quite a degree of caution should be exercised for a short season, as indicated; have nothing to do with real estate matters in the afternoon or evening nor make any engagement pertaining to improvements of buildings or furnishings.

**26—Friday.** Make no contract in the morning and be very careful in the use of the pen and in matters of account and mathematical work; important correspondence and literary work is best postponed for a short season; the evening and night hours are peculiarly vicious for fires and losses from unexpected chemical action or explosions.

**27—Saturday.** The day is evil in many respects, being promotive of disputes and contentions and exciting evilly disposed minds to acts of treachery and violence; it will be well if fires have been guarded against during the preceding 48 hours for the passing days have been peculiarly mischievous in this respect. Merchants and bankers should transact business in the early hours with more than the usual caution and losses of valuables and money looked out for.

**28—Sunday.** An excellent day for the improvement of the mind and for proper appreciation of merits of literary and scientific productions; pupil efforts will be eloquent and effective and church matters be favored in an unusual degree.

**29—Monday.** Drive thy business vigorously on this day, especially if concerned with the mechanical pursuits or manufacture.

**30—Tuesday.** Thou shouldst rise with the Sun to best improve the benefic influences which prevail on this day for all manner of elegant pursuits; improve every moment with thy painting and all musical matters; the time favors the buying of silks, fancy goods and all articles of adornment; for workers in wax, embroiderers, milliners and dressmakers; let all architectural and horticultural work be pushed to the utmost.

## A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhoea, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 106, Kokomo, Ind.

## BICYCLES.

For several years the advertisements of the Mead Cycle Company have appeared in the columns of COMFORT. Every year the business of this company has grown until now it exceeds 50,000 bicycles sold through mail orders all over the world each year. The Mead Cycle Company can ship any wheel at any price the same day the order is received. When looking for catalogues and prices mention COMFORT and address Mead Cycle Company, Dept. R 71, Chicago.



AURUM CO., Dept. HB, 55 State St., CHICAGO

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

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**\$3.98** buys our BREECH LOADING, AUTOMATIC SHELL WINNER, one of the strongest shooting and best made 12-gauge shotguns made equal to guns others sell at \$7.00 to \$10.00.

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**CANCER** Cured at home; No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

**BET MARRIED 10,000 LADIES** are anxious to marry. Many worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000. Big sealed list with full descriptions and P. O. addresses mailed Free. STAR AGENCY, 412 Astor Station, CHICAGO.

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The London correspondent of a New York daily paper recently called attention to the fact that there is a very large amount of money in England for which no-owners have as yet been found. He said:

"You could do almost anything with the amount of money that is lying about unclaimed in England. There is MORE THAN A BILLION DOLLARS worth of it deposited in all sorts of places, in the British Treasury, the Chancery vaults, etc., waiting for its owner or its heirs, growing greater all the time—and in almost every case its custodians are making periodic attempts to discover the persons whose property it is."

"The names of such unwittingly lucky persons advertised for in 1900, when collected and printed in small type, filled a straight column in the TIMES the other day, and many of the names have a distinct American interest. Here, for instance, is \$30,000 held for James E. Higgins, who was last heard of in New York; here, too, is 'a large sum of money' waiting for the heirs of Joseph Sullivan, formerly of Cork, and later of San Francisco. One Joseph Scott, who fought in the Rebellion, is entitled to money in trust here, and so are L. H. Cook, who left England for America in 1873, and Mary Wrigley, who got married and then went to live in the United States."

Through its London office "COMFORT" has for some time been making investigations into this subject, and it has procured from the British Government an official list of the Funds and Estates for which the Heirs or Next-of-Kin are wanted. For the benefit of its subscribers and others "COMFORT" has had these names arranged in alphabetical order and put into a little book entitled "COMFORT'S LIST OF HEIRS."

In addition to the names of persons to whom funds stand to the credit of in the Court of Chancery as reported to the House of Commons by the Paymaster-General, "COMFORT'S LIST OF HEIRS" contains a list of persons who have been advertised for in the United States, Great Britain and other countries during 1901-2. Thousands of persons living in the United States, and in fact all over the world, have been and are being advertised for to claim money or property, and very large amounts are awaiting the claims of the persons advertised for, or their Next-of-Kin, Heirs and Legal Representatives. As these advertisements in most cases appear but once or twice and in one or two papers only, they are never seen by the persons interested, who are in consequence entirely ignorant that they are entitled to any money or property. "COMFORT" has already on file thousands of these advertisements, and a list of persons advertised for will be found in "COMFORT'S LIST OF HEIRS."

## Is Your Name, or any of Your Relatives, in the Following List?

Below we give a few names taken from "COMFORT'S LIST OF HEIRS." If your name, or that of your family, is not here it is probably in the book, which also contains fuller particulars about all the names here represented. It is possible that relatives of yours may have died, either in this country, in Europe, in Australia or other parts of the world and left money, houses or land to which you may be the legitimate heir. The solicitors of the estate may have advertised for you in a London or New York paper, and of course you never saw it. If there was such an estate and if it was advertised it will probably be in "COMFORT'S LIST OF HEIRS."

Abbott.	Campbell.	Ford.	Johnson.	Mulligan.	Rogers.
Adams.	Cannon.	Fox.	Jonas.	Murray.	Rose.
Allen.	Carter.	Foy.	Jordan.		Russell.
Anderson.	Clark.				Ryan.
Andrew.	Clarke.	Gardner.	Kay.	Nelson.	Sanderson.
Andrews.	Collier.	Gibson.	Kellaher.	Newman.	Scott.
Arnold.	Cook.	Goddard.	King.	Newton.	Scanlon.
Atkinson.	Cooke.	Gordon.	Knight.	Nicholls.	Sharp.
Atwood.	Cooper.	Grant.	Knowles.	O'Connell.	Simpson.
	Cross.	Gray.	Knapp.	O'Connor.	Smith.
Bailey.	Cullen.	Green.	Kraft.	O'Donnell.	Standish.
Baker.	Cunningham.	Greenwood.		O'Hara.	Stevens.
Barber.				Osborn.	
Barker.	Dale.	Hale.	Lane.	Owen.	Taylor.
Barrett.	Davies.	Hall.	Lawrence.	Owens.	Thomas.
Baxter.	Davis.	Hammond.	Lawson.		Thecker.
Bell.	Dawson.	Harling.	Lee.		Thompson.
Bennett.	Day.	Hardy.	Lewis.		Tracey.
Birch.	Dickinson.	Harris.	Lister.	Page.	Townsend.
Blackburn.	Dixon.	Harrison.	Lloyd.	Parker.	Tucker.
Blake.	Downing.	Hayes.	Long.	Parsons.	
Booth.	Drew.	Henderson.	Lynch.	Pearson.	Underwood.
Bourke.	Dudley.	Hess.	Lyon.	Phillips.	
Bower.		Hicks.		Price.	
Bowman.	Edmonds.	Hill.	MacKenzie.		
Briggs.	Edmondson.	Hogan.	Malone.		
Brook.	Edwards.	Holland.	Manning.		
Brooke.	Elliott.	Howe.	Martin.		
Brown.	Evans.	Howell.	Matthews.		
Browne.		Hunt.	McDermott.	Rice.	
Burt.	Farrell.	Hubbell.	McNamara.	Richards.	
Bush.	Fawcett.		Miller.	Richardson.	
Butcher.	Fisher.	Jackson.	Moore.	Roberts.	
Butler.	Fletcher.	Jennings.	Morris.	Robertson.	
			Mullany.	Robinson.	Wood.

## How to Get a Copy of This Guide to Fortune.

We will send this valuable List of Heirs only to those who send us two six months' subscriptions. That is to say, if you are already a subscriber you can receive this booklet by sending ten cents to renew or extend your subscription and send us a new subscriber for six months for another ten cents—in all sending us 20 cents. If you are not a subscriber then send us 10 cents for a trial subscription for six months and get us another subscriber at the same rate, in all sending us 20 cents.

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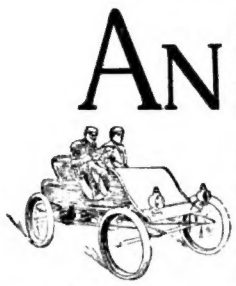
"Comfort's List of Heirs" will be sent you on receipt of the above blanks and 20 cents for the two subscriptions.



## A Diplomatic Incident.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALEXANDER MACPHERSON.

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AN AUTOMOBILE of the latest pattern, brilliant with varnish and polished metal, rolled swiftly over one of the asphalt avenues in Washington, bound out from the city into the country.

The chauffeur who drove the machine was in immaculate livery. The one occupant of the car was a man whose dress and bearing would have led even a stranger in the city to have guessed that he belonged to the circle of foreign diplomats stationed at the capital. A few persons on the sidewalk, who knew the city well, seeing the machine glide past said, as they turned to look at it: "There goes the Auranian minister."

Not far out in the suburbs of Washington is a certain well-known road-house, not only patronized by bicyclers in its public rooms, but so noted for its cooking and drinks, and for the excellence of its little dinners, that it is a favorite place of resort for residents of the capital who affect more pretentious vehicles than a "safety."

The Auranian minister's chauffeur halted his car before the door of this house. "Return for me in one hour," said the minister. The man twisted the handles of his machine this way and that, until he had guided it around the hotel and had backed it into a broad shed built behind the building. Then, having looked after the motor, and seen to it that the machinery was in shape, he betook himself to a back room of the road-house where, by former experience, he knew that the beverages of his native country were to be procured.

The minister, giving no glance toward the occupants of the public room, walked directly through the hall of the building, up the stairs, and into a private room, which, as he did not stop to announce his entrance by knocking, evidently had been reserved for him. To a servant waiting in the room, after the man had taken his hat and coat, he gave an order for a bottle of wine and cigars.

Then, giving the man a piece of money as he left the room, he said: "I do not wish to be disturbed unless I ring;" adding, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the man. "I will see to it." As the waiter's footsteps on the carpet of the corridor grew faint in the distance, the minister opened the door which the man had closed behind him, and carefully placing it two or three inches ajar, returned to a seat in which he could not be seen by any one who might pass through the hall.

A few minutes later a young man who had been sitting alone at one of the tables in the public room below, with a paper and a glass of beer before him, threw down the paper, drained his glass, and then rising carelessly, sauntered across the room as if to go. Once in the hall, though, when he was sure that he was alone, instead of turning to the street door he went quickly and silently up the stairs and along the hall to the door ajar. Pushing the door open he went into the room.

"Ah!" said the diplomat. "So you have come." Then he closed the door of the room and locked it.

In the early evening of the same day a young woman was bending over a dinner table set for two in the tiny dining room of a cheap city flat in Washington. All that taste and good will could do to make the table and room attractive had been done, and giving a last touch to a handful of daffodils in a glass in the middle of the table, the woman stepped back to inspect her work.

Then, going to the door of the kitchen, she said to a colored woman at work there: "Jane, you may put the soup on now. Mr. Esward will be home directly."

A few minutes later, just as the young woman was pinning one of the yellow flowers against the dull blue cloth of her gown, a key rattled in the lock of the flat hall door, and the young man who had been locked in the room at the road-house with the Auranian minister came in.

He kissed his wife, and then holding her off from him at arms' length, looked long and lovingly at her.

"Bee," he said, "you grow prettier and prettier. You're a hundred times more beautiful today than you were a year ago."

"Oh, you did remember, didn't you?" the woman said. "I didn't believe you would. And," leading the way to the dining room, "I was going to surprise you."

"Well you didn't, you see," he said. "Perhaps when we have been married ten years I may forget when the day comes round, but not when it's been only one year."

"I've got a surprise for you, too," he said, his eyes shining, but shining—if any one had looked closely enough at him to see—with what were almost tears. "I wasn't going to spring it on you till after dinner, but now you've begun the surprise business, I guess I will."

"What is it?"

"Guess."

"Oh, I can't,"

"Guess."

She guessed a dozen things, including a new dress and a French bull dog, but he shook his head at each.

"Well, what is it, then?"

"A new house, all your own, and paid for."

"What!"

"A house of our own, by ourselves; on the ground, with no elevator and no neighbors below us who cook cabbage."

"Robert Esward! You don't mean it!"

"Yes I do. Or rather I mean that I've got the money to buy it and pay for it. Of course I wouldn't dare to pick out a house without your help."

He took a roll of bills from his pocket, and smoothing them out on the white table cloth—bills of large denominations, too—counted out \$4,000.

"Robert! Most wonderful of men! Where and how did you get this?"

The man hesitated a minute. "It was speculation," he said. "I had some stock, and I sold it at a high price."

In their excitement they had not heard the

SWANSON'S

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# FOUNDATION OF PERFECT HEALTH

Swanson's "5-DROPS" is truly the foundation of perfect health. It acts on the blood, purifying it and driving out all poisonous matter. It strengthens the nerves and gives refreshing sleep to the mentally tired and overworked. It builds up the entire system, fortifying it against the attack of disease. "5-DROPS" is not only a cure but also a preventative of disease, and a dose taken occasionally will keep the blood pure and healthy, thus insuring perfect circulation. When the blood is pure disease is almost an impossibility. "5-DROPS" is absolutely harmless, it contains no opiates or injurious drugs and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. It is good for young and old, an unfailing help in the time of sickness. No one can afford to be without it. Get a bottle today and have it on hand ready for use in case of emergency.

Such testimony as we print below from grateful people who have been returned to perfect health by the use of "5-DROPS" is certainly sufficient to convince any one that "5-DROPS" is the most remarkable medical discovery in the world.

MRS. EMMA KEMMERER, Lancaster, Ohio, writes:—"I must say that "5-DROPS" has worked wonders for me. For 25 years I suffered with Sclerotic Rheumatism and Sleeplessness. Since using "5-DROPS" my pain is all gone, and I can sleep well all night; something I could not do for the last fifteen years. I must say that "5-DROPS" is the greatest medicine on earth, and I will never cease praising it."

H. F. HAWKINS, Greenville, S. C., writes:—"I take pleasure in stating what "5-DROPS" has done for my grandmother. She was down in bed with Rheumatism in her back and could not turn over by herself. I received a bottle of "5-DROPS" and she took it, according to directions, and she was out of bed by the time she took two-thirds of the bottle, and by the time she took all of the bottle she was able to do some work and has been well ever since."

S. P. ALLEMAN, Dallison, W. Va., writes:—"I feel it my duty to drop you a few lines. We had a little boy five years old, suffering with moving pains all through him. He commenced to get better from the first dose we gave him of your "5-DROPS" and by the time your bottle was used up, the pains were gone also. We recommend it ahead of any medicine we ever saw for which we send our thanks."

MRS. CHAS. T. ELM, Monaca, Pa., writes:—"For several months my limbs were so sore I could hardly move them. I had large red spots wherever I had a pain. The doctor told me I had Inflammatory Rheumatism in a bad stage, and the hives, but his medicine failed. I tried other doctors but none of them done me any good. I saw "5-DROPS" advertised and sent for a sample bottle. The sample gave me instant relief, and I procured a large size bottle at once. I used that one bottle and now I am entirely cured. I cannot say too much in praise of "5-DROPS." I will never be without it in the house. If ever there was a cure for Rheumatism, "5-DROPS" is the one."

## "5-DROPS" IS A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sclerotic, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Gout, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness and Blood Diseases. A Sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Bronchial Troubles.

For all Liver Troubles and Kidney Diseases use "5-DROPS." A small dose of this remedy is more effectual and has more curative power than a barrel of other medicines where these diseases are concerned. It is the most successful medicine ever discovered for the Kidneys, Liver and Blood.

For Coughs and Colds, use "5-DROPS." By taking it at bedtime and in the morning before breakfast it will relieve and cure the most severe cough. It will break up a cold quicker than any other medicine, thereby preventing Bronchitis, Pneumonia, etc., which are the result of a cold not properly treated with the right remedy.

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When you are suffering with Rheumatism in any form take "5-DROPS." It does not matter whether you have inflammatory, muscular or articular rheumatism, this remedy if taken as directed will give instant relief and effect an early and permanent cure. It rids the blood, tissues and joints of the uric acid and other poisonous matter which causes those intense rheumatic pains. This is the only way in which a cure can be effected.

You who suffer with those terrible shooting pains caused by Neuralgia, should use "5-DROPS." It removes all the pains with almost lightning rapidity and Neuralgia becomes only a memory of the past. For all bodily aches and pains "5-DROPS" is the best thing you can use. It acts like magic in all cases of sprains, aches or bruises, removing the inflammation and soreness in a wonderfully short time.

**FREE TO ALL.** Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address and a trial bottle of "5-DROPS" will be mailed to you at once, postpaid, free of charge. Here is an opportunity to test the best household remedy in the world without expense to you. Certainly nothing can be fairer than this. Write today.

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PRICE 25 AND 50 CENTS PER BOX, POSTPAID

door bell ring. The colored woman came into the room.

"Here's a letter for you, Mrs. Esward," she said. "A boy brought it. He didn't wait."

"For me?" said the woman. Then, as the maid, eyeing the money curiously, left the room, "Who can it be from? Do you suppose somebody else has sent me a surprise?"

She cut the end of the envelope with a silver fruit knife, one of their year-old presents, and pulled the letter out.

An instant later her face went white to her very lips.

"Robert," she gasped. "What is this? Is this true?"

She reached the letter out to him.

"Mrs. Esward—" he began. The writing was coarse and bold. "You will pardon a stranger writing to you, but this is a matter of business. Your husband has today sold to the Auranian minister a copy of a paper which his work in the State Department made it possible for him to handle. He stole it. He got \$2,000 for it. I want half the money. If I get it no harm will come to him. If I don't get it there will."

Then followed directions how the money was to be paid over before daylight the next morning.

"Is what that letter says true?"

"Yes," said the man dully, laying the paper down on the table beside the money.

"I did it for you," he broke out a little later, as if he could not bear the silence any longer.

"I've known for a month," he went on, without looking up at her, "that I could do this any time I would. Yesterday, when I saw Senator Ellory talking with you, and knew that he had wanted to marry you only a little while ago, and that you chose me—a clerk—instead of him, with all he could give you, I couldn't stand it."

"I thought," he went on bitterly, "that if you wasn't sorry then, you would be pretty soon, if I couldn't do more to make you happy. So I did it. I don't know who got on to it. Somebody has. He's guessed all right except the amount. I'm ruined, fast enough; and I've dragged you into it too."

The color had come back to the woman's face while her husband was speaking. Almost before he had stopped, she had crossed the room to the window. Beyond and above the intervening houses she could see the roof of the Capitol. The electric lights upon the roof were shining brilliantly through the darkness.

"Get your hat and coat, Robert," she said, turning back to the room, "and come with me."

"Take the money, and that letter," she added. She was already putting on her own hat and wrap.

Half an hour later the maid opened the kitchen door softly and peeped into the room. Seeing no one she came in, and went through all the rooms.

"For the land sake!" she exclaimed. "What funny folks! Here they've run off without eating; an' left the dinner a spilin'. I s'pose they've gone to spend all that money;" she reflected aloud.

Shut in a committee room at the Capitol with her husband and Senator Ellory, the year-old wife told their story simply, but clearly. When she had finished she hesitated a moment. Then, raising her head bravely, she went on, "You told me once that in spite of things—if ever you could do anything to help me, to let you know. I want you to help me now, to save the reputation and happiness of the man I love better than all the rest of the world."

Senator Ellory may have been twice the age of the woman who stood before him, or more, but no one seeing him look at her then, would have doubted the honesty of the love which he had had for her—which he had for her yet. He looked at his watch.

"I will do what I can," he said. He pressed a button. "Get the White House for me on the telephone," he said to the messenger who answered the summons. Then, to the man and woman before him, "Come back here at eleven o'clock."

An hour later the Associated Press in Washington added to its report of the day's news sent out over the country, the item that the Senate had gone into executive session. Later in the night there was a wild scurrying hither and thither of excited newspaper correspondents stationed in Washington, followed by a distracted clicking of telegraph instruments. In the next morning's papers millions of readers all over the country read under flashing headlines the news that a foreign treaty of momentous importance had been acted upon by the Senate the night before. Some comments added that this action had been made possible by a seeming sudden interest taken in the matter by a certain prominent senator.

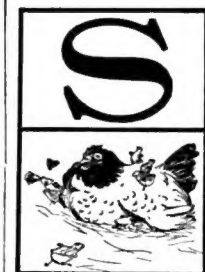
A package handed in at the Auranian lega-

tion late that night, addressed to the minister and marked "personal," contained \$4,000 in bills.

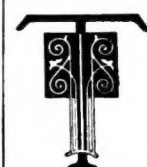
It was later still when Robert Esward and his wife left themselves into their flat. The maid had gone home long before that.

When the click of the electric switch flooded the place with light, and the woman saw the table on which all her touches of home-love still showed, she, who so far had gone bravely and dry-eyed through it all, broke down.

"Don't! Beatrice!" begged her husband, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch on which she had flung herself. "Don't! Oh, don't!" Drawing her to him, he held her folded in his arms until her sobbing ceased.



SOME tribes of South American Indians keep great numbers of domestic fowls, which are kept from straying away by means of a rather large bird called the Anhima. This faithful creature takes the best of care of its charges and brings them safely back to the village encampment at night. It will fight for the welfare of its flock, and is said to be abundantly able to protect them against the ravages of hawks or small beasts of prey.



THE island in Boston Harbor now known as "Governor's Island" was originally called "Conant's Island," from Richard Conant, who is said to have been one of the four men who first settled Massachusetts Bay. Early in the history it is said it was given to Governor John Winthrop, who paid a bushel of apples to the General Court for it. It remained in Governor Winthrop's family until the United States bought it early in the 19th century. On the island the government established a fort, which is known as "Fort Winthrop."